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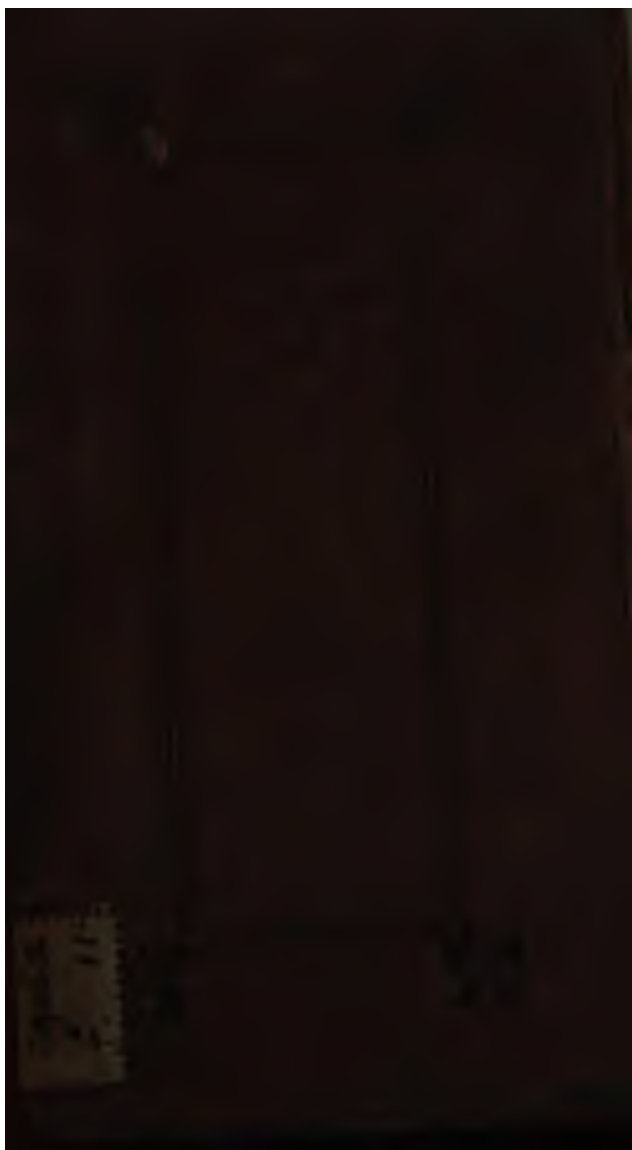
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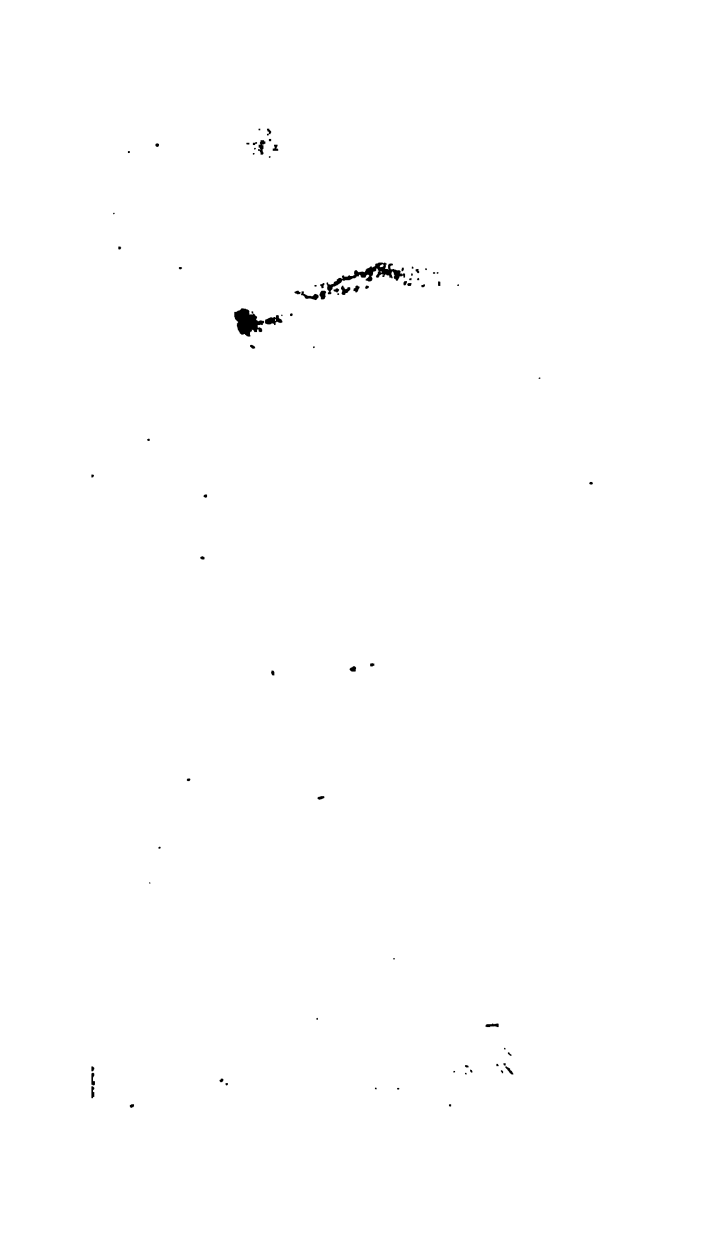
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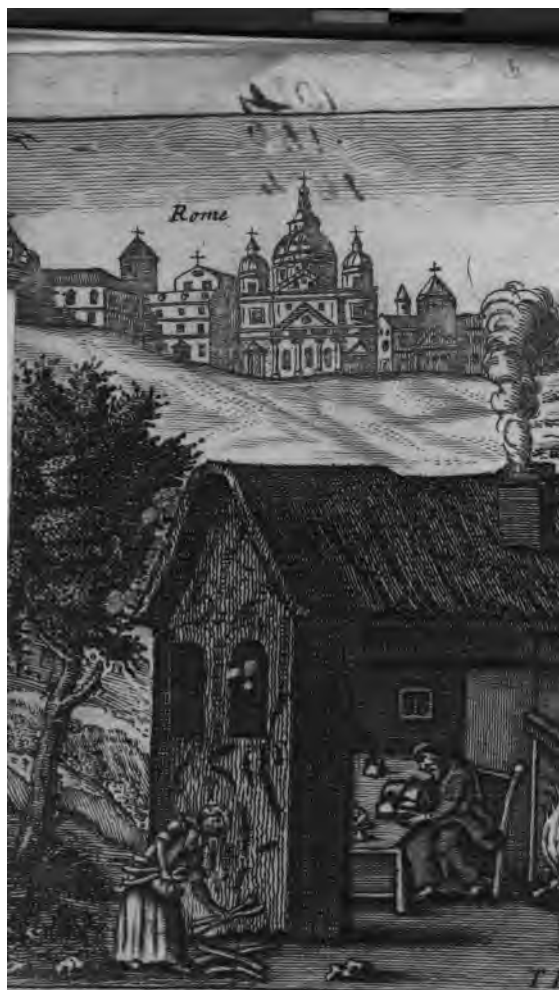


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1

156
1674





EPICTETUS lived at Rome in a little house, which he
 had not so much as a door. All the Attendants he had was an
 ancient maid, and all his household stuff an earthen Lamb.
 Vincent Obscop. l. 3. Anth. ad Epig. Epictet.

EPICETI ENCHIRIDION

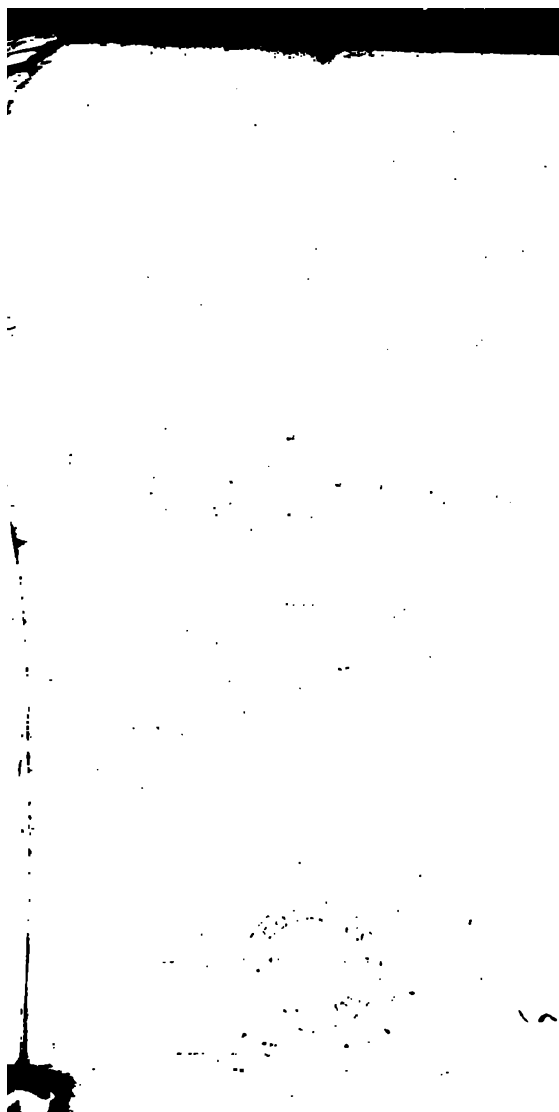
Made *ENGLISH*.

IN A,
Poetical Paraphrase.

BY
ELLIS WALKER, *M. A*

L O N D O N,

Printed, for *Sam. Keble*, at the *Turks
Head*, over against *Fetter-Lane*, in
Fleet-street, 1701.



To my Honoured Unkle

Mr. Samuel Walker

of Y O R K.

WHen I fled to you for shelter, at the breaking out of the present Troubles in *Ireland*, I took *Epictetus* for my Companion; and found, that both I and my Friend were welcome. You were then pleas'd to express an high esteem for the Author, as he very well deserves it: You prais'd his Notions as Great, Noble and Sublime, and much exceeding the pitch of other Thinkers. You may remember, I then told you, that as they seem'd Such to me, so I thought they would very well take a Poetical Dress: You said the attempt was bold, but withal wisht it well done. I, hurry'd on with zeal for an Author be-

A 3.

lov'd

The Dedication.

lov'd by you, and admired by all, have made the Essay ; a grateful diversion to me, though perhaps I may have pleas'd you better in Admiring the Author, than in Translating him. However having attempted it, to whom should I dedicate my Endeavours, but to you, whose Goodness gave me so kind a Reception, whose Bounty relieved me in an undone Condition, and afforded me the leisure and opportunity to shew my desire of pleasing you, if such a Trifle as this can any way pretend to please. Epistles of this kind are for the most part Tokens of Gratitude ; I know no One in the World, to whom I am so much oblig'd as I am to you, and I make it my Request, that you will accept of This, as an hearty and thankful Acknowledgment, from

Your most obedient humble Servant

and Affectionate Nephew,

Ellis Walker.

In Praise of EPICTETUS.

G. I.

GREAT *Epictetus*, pardon if we praise !
'Tis not thy Character to raise ;
The top of all Fame's *Pyramide* is thine,
Where in her brightest glories thou dost shine,
Where though unsought by thee
She gives thee her Eternity, (climb.
And bears you to the height you scorn'd to
In speaking all that's good of You she shews,
That now and then, how to speak truth she knows.
All admire what's truly good,
And that they do so, all would have it understood ;
There's then a right, which to our selves we do
In Praising, Reading, and Translating you.

II.

Thousands have been esteem'd for having wit,
And in Times Chronicles do justly live,
With all the applause that Letter'd Fame can give.

But you with brave disdain
Despise the common road to Fame,
That old stale trick as known an artifice,
As Pimping for acquiring Greatness is,
By a great method of your own,
You by not writing are more Glorious grown,
For every word that from you fell,
Your Hearers have receiv'd as from an Oracle,
And handed down to us, for so 'twas fit
That your immortal wit,
Should ever live, without your seeking it.

III.

None (as meer Men) but you, could ever reach
The pitch of living up to what they teach,
And could you have receded from
Your noble Principles resolv'd upon,
What vast preferments might such parts have had?
What offers had not Fortune made?
But Blind and foolish though she be,
Full well she knew that she,
With all her outward gifts could ~~nothing~~ add to
(thee.
You

You generously brave,
Ennoble the opprobrious name of Slave ;
And shew, a Wise man may be truly great
In each condition, every state. /

IV.

Thine was intrinſick Greatneſs, real Worth,
No painted *Ixion* Cloud, no glittering froth,
Not ſuch as doth conſiſt in ſtore
Of Houſes, or of Land,
The prey, the ſport of fire, or of the ſtronger hand;
Nor was it vaniſht o'er
With riches, which proud Churls enſlave, (Knave,
Which Knaves heard up, for ſome more daring
Nor ſuch, as glories in the bended knee
Of Syctophant Servility,
Which, when the humble Wretch his ends doth
He may grow ſaucy, and detain : (gain
No, 'twas ſubſtantial Greatneſs of the Soul,
Such as no outward power can controul,
Such as can nothing fear, can nothing want ;
This we true Greatneſs juſtly grant. /

V. Experience

V.

Experience shews, how well you have confin'd
All Happiness, all Greatness, to the Mind.

For he, that sees the Captive led along
Pensive, amidst the bellowing throng,
With folded Arms, his Grandeur laid aside ;
And then another with mean flattery
Courting the raskal Herd, the senseless Mob;
Stroaking the Beast, that he intends to ride,
And all to gratifie his boundless pride.

He, who in History runs o're,
The Worthies that have liv'd before,
And sees great *Dioclesian* quit his Seat,
His princely Palace, for a cool Retreat ;
And sees the fierce *Pelleas* Youth bestride
The conquer'd Globe, and weep dissatisfied ;
He must of force confess,
Nothing without can give true Happiness ;
And all his Hero's of Antiquity
Slaves in an eminent degree :
And only *Epictetus* truly Great and Free.

U P O N

U P O N
PICTETUS

HIS MORALS.

*And Reader, if thou only art
■ Christian in Name, and not in Heart,
cast an Hope thy self to approve
without true Faith, or heav'nly Love,
in this Book (and be asham'd)
Heathen far for vertue Fam'd.
but SAVING NAME He never knew,
neof We boast, but nothing do :
f the Knowledge, Christians have,
bont a working Faith, can't Save,
knows, since his good Work were Free,
Forc'd his Ignorance, but He,
be accepted, being made
aw t' himself, which he obey'd ?
■ Slavery he was confin'd ;
a free Monarch in his Mind,
Body maim'd ; his Fortune poor ;
his rich Soul aloft did soar,*

And

*And nobly left the Drossy ground,
And spurn'd the Earth, to which we're bound
Malice, and Calumny, and Pride,
Could ne'r in him triumphant ride ;
Envy his Bosom ne're did stain ;
He never falsely swore for gain ;
Revenge to him was never sweet,
Nor Fraud, which ev'ry where we meet,
The dazzling Rays of Beauty's flame,
And Passion, which the World doth tame,
False Interest, Asiræa's Foe,
And Vice, which all too much do know,
And fond Opinion's gawdy show,
All these he bravely did Despise :
On Vertue only fix'd his eyes ;
And laugh'd at Fortune's giddy Power ;
Contemn'd her Sweet, nor fear'd her Sower.
No Bribes, nor Threats could make him start ;
Nor Loss, nor Pain afflict his Heart.*

*He saw the World was mean and low,
Patrons a Lie ; Friendship a Show ;
Preferment Trouble, Grandeur vain ;
Law a Pretence, a Bubble Gain ;
Merit a Flesh, a Blaze Esteem ;
Promise a Rush, and Hope a Dream ;
Faith a Disguise, and Truth Deceit ;
Wealth but a Trap, and Health a Cheat ;
These Dangerous Rocks this Pilot knew,
And wisely into Port wishdrew,*

Let

*Let all these outward things alone,
 To hold what only was his own,
 The rightful Empire of the mind,
 Whence all our Acts their rise do find;
 Whence all our Motions freely flow,
 Our Judgment and our Reason too,
 Whereon our whole Success depends;
 The Last and Greatest of all Ends!*
*This Doctrine, with such Wisdom fraught,
 Great EPICUREUS Liv'd and Taught;
 Christian make haste and learn his Wit:
 Ifear, Thou'rt scarce an Heathen yet.*

EMMANUEL Colledge
 Cambridge
 Septemb. 28th. 1691.

Joshua Barnes.

110911

Ἐἰς τὸ Ἑνχαερίδιον Ἐπικλήτου Lib. A. P. II
 ἐξ Ἀνθολογίας. Edit. H.
Steph. 155

Μἦ τιν' Ἐπικλήτοιο τέτῳ ἐνὶ κατ' οὐνο θυμῷ
 Ὄρεα κεν εἰσαφίκοιο καὶ Οὐρανὸς κεραῶν
 Τυχὴν ὑφ' ἑκάλεθον ἐλαφρίζων ἀπὸ Γαίης.

Ἐἰς τὸ αὐτὸ

Ὅς κεν Ἐπικλήτοιο σοφὴν τελέσῃ μενοιμένην
 Μηδίαει, βιότοιο γαληνίδαυ ἀκὶ πόντῳ
 Καὶ μετὰ Ναυσιλίην βιοτήσιον εἰσαφίκοιο
 Ὀυρανὸν ἀντίδ' αὖ καὶ ἀπείρην Πειραιήν.

ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ εἰς Ἐπικλήτην, P. 289. i

Δῶλ' Ἐπικλήτῳ θυμῷ, καὶ Σῶμ' ἀνάπν' ὀ
 Καὶ πινύνην Ἴρ' ὀ, καὶ φίλ' ὀ Ἀθανάτῳ.

ΥΡΟΥ

Upon EPICURETUS his Little-
Book, taken out of the Greek Epi-
grams.

TH E Sense, which *Epicure* doth impart
Consider well, and treasure in your Heart
That your Soul aloft from Earth may rise,
Aspiring to her Native Seat, the Skies.

On the same.

W H E, that Great *Apollo* truly knows,
Amid Life's Storms serene and smiling goes;
Till Nature's Voyage finish'd, he at last
Safe Anchor in the Port of Heav'n doth cast.

Leonidas upon Epictetus.

A Slave I was, of Fortune's favours bare,
In Body maim'd, and yet to Heaven Dear.

HIS
ENCHIRIDION
Translated into Eng

YOU bold disputing A
The beauteous Rays
Shine in a Mortal Breast
Did not infer, did not die
Of Ignorance, which die
Oth^r Ethnick World, it
Until the Morning Star

Of Moderation both in Word and Deed,
 Of prudent Conduct when we drink or feed
 Of curbing Passions, quenching lustful Fires
 And sublimating earthly base Desires:
 These Lessons Epictetus learnt and taught
 By his direction, who inspir'd his Thought;
 From whom all good and perfect Gifts do
 Come.
 Which Mortals have from th' Womb into the
 Tomb.

Behold what Vertues in his Soul combine,
 Whose radiant lustre Christians does outshine.
 Call him no longer Heathen, but Divine.
 His dusky glimmers in the Pagan Night,
 Did only want the Rays of Gospel-Light,
 To make them shine as glorious, and as bright.
 As that (b) dark Soul, which, when reflected on
 By th' heav'nly Light, shone brighter than the
 Sun.

Think, think, Atheistick Man, how this can
 Without the beamings of the Deity, (be,
 Which Darts its glorious Light upon the Soul,
 Which throughout all her Faculties does nowl.
 And thou Immoral Christian, blush to see,
 Such sparks of Grace, which strangers are to
 thee,
 Blush to behold Heathens excel in Fame,
 Whom thou, poor Man, only excellst in Name.

(b) Saul, Act. 9. 3.

*The Heathen does in glorious Works outshine
Thy graceless Faith, which is an empty Vine.
Go, learn of Epictetus, then of Christ,
First learn to be a Man, and then thou may'st
Ascend to Grace, and Glory in the high'st.
Prepare thy Morals, as a Ring of Gold,
The Gem of Grace, enshrined there, to hold.*

*Learn, wavering Man, to suffer and to do,
What Jesus taught and hath commanded you,
From Epictetus, who will teach you too
Those Gospel-Lessons which we have forgot,
Which from our hearts and lives are far remote.
The Ancients say, two Words, Bear and For-*

*(bear,
Patience and Love, make up the Character
Of that Great, Wise, Divine Philosopher.
Whose richer Treasure being lock'd up in*

*(Greck,
The vulgar Reader wou'd be still to seek,
Had not the Learn'd Expounder made it*

*(speak
English, and that in pleasant noble Verse,
Which Lawrel gives, to's Brow, Scutcheons
(to's Herse.*

M. Bryan, LL. D.

Sept. 17. 1691.

Oxonienfis.

Another

Another by the same Hand.

Blest Epictetus! where's thy Virtue gone;
I read of none like Thee, but only One,
Of all the Heathen, and that's the * Perfect
(One;

Whom Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell, in vain
To shake from his renown'd Integrity. (did try
Elijah to Elisha left his Robe,
Thou hadst thy Mantle from the upright Job;
Mirror of Virtue and Integrity,
Pattern of Patience and of Constancy.

But fear'd on Earth, Astrea; Job, and You
Are fled to Heav'n, and carry'd your Mantle too.
O drop it down to cover naked Sculs, (Fools,
Call'd Christians; but indeed poor vicious
Disrob'd of Virtue, shiv'ring, cold, and bare,
Clad with those dirty Rags You scorn'd to
(wear,

Thou' in a Cottage as coarse as was your Fare.

— If Heathens be so good, O then let me
Not a false Christian, but a Heathen be:
The Devil dwells in him, but GOD in thee.

* Job chap. 1.

Off. 29. 1691.

M. B.

ON THE
Ingenious Translation

England and Athens no
Learn'd Epictetus sings in
Lay by his rusty Book of
In English Poetry, you b
So all the dark-tongu'd!

When Truth shot forth
All you that would Philo
Learn Natures Laws
Keep home, you need no
How long they'll ab fre

TO
MR. ELLIS WALKER,
ON HIS
Paraphrastical Translation
OF
EPICTETUS
Into *English Verse*.

Virtue has such a Shape and Mien
They say, that could she but be seen
The guilty World would cease t'adore
Her Rival *Vice*, and dote on Her.
Her Natural Charms alone are such,
They ne'er could dote on her too much,
Whilst *Vice*, with all her borrow'd Drest,
Can scarce conceal her Uglinefs,
Although

Although the Crowd, whose Reason is
Not in their Judgment, but their Eyes
Led by appearances away,
Her, as their Sov'raign Power, obey;
Whilst the more Wise, consid'rate few
Who Judge not till a second view,
Having unrob'd her, soon perceive
Her Drefs doth all her Beauty give.
So have I in a Crowd survey'd
A Beauteous, but an ill dress'd Maid,
And an Old Woman standing by
With Jewels and Deformity:
And from the distance of the place,
Concluded that the Beauteous Face
Was there, where the best Dressing was
But soon as e're I nearer drew,
I found my Judgment was untrue,
And curs'd the partial Fates, who gav
To wither'd Age what Youth should ha
For though no Artificial Drefs
Charms like its nat'ral Nakedness,
Yet since that Use prevails so far,
That every one forbe Drefs must wear,
The best doth best become the Fair.
And yet *Philosophy* till now,
In home-spun Prose was us'd to go,
Whilst *Plato*, and the Nine, in State,
Did on ill-govern'd Passions wait,
Till you, more Wise, did kindly teach
Appollo, what he ought to Preach.

u from the *Dowdy* took the Dress,
d did it upon *Beauty* place.
ie, *Epictetus* did disclose
' Angelick Maid at first in Prose :
first the fair *Idea* saw
halves, and but by halves did draw :
dug the *Ore* first from the Mine,
you Refin'd it, made it *Coin* ;
an unfinish'd Picture drew,
ich now is made compleat by you.
ld Man ! ——— Since there was never yet
ie found, who Pencil durst to set
Appelles Venus, how durst you (drew?
nclude that Draught which *Epictetus*
Picture which exceeds as far
, as the Sun the meapest Star,
r there the *Body's Beauties* shin'd,
t here the Beauties of the *Mind*.

By

By the same Hand.

Thus the Divine Lucretius heretofore,
Great Epicurus's Doctrine did restore
He taught the Ancient Latines first to know
The cause of Hail, of Thunder, Ice and Snow
He Sung of Nature's Works; his daring Muse
Did not her deepest Mysteries refuse,
But ventur'd boldly out, and bravely first,
At untouch'd Virgin-streams did quench

(thi
He clad Philosophy in a taking Dress,
Taught her at once how to instruct and please
The Work Was great, Worth that immortal Fa
Which does, and ever shall attend his Name
Him you succeed in time, though your des
Is nobler far than his, and more divine;
He Sang the Knowledge of Corporeal thin
Your Muse the Soul, and her improv'ment sin
By how much Form than Matter better is,
So much your Subject is more worth than h
Nor is your Author bad in less esteem
Than that great Man so much admir'd by hi
Not that we'd add to Epictetus's Fame,
By taking ought from Epicurus's Name
Both justly Immortality do claim:

*both wrote in Greek, both their Translators
 (Sung,
 their Authors meaning in their Native Tongue;
 rich in Numbers, both Divinely sweet,
 seem to write their own, and not Translate;
 seem a like to merit equal praise,
 both a like seem to deserve the Bays.
 His alone he is by you out-done,
 Prize is greater far for which you run,
 at the Goal as soon as him you come.*

WILLIAM CLARK.

Of Katherine Hall in Cambridge.

c

TO

To the A U T H O R.

On his Poetical Version of
g Epictetus his Manual.

WHilest others into Nature's Secrets pry,
And as their Mistress court Philosophy,
Whilst there they ransack thro' the hidden store,
To search for Wisdom, as the glittering Ore;
In vain do they the eager suit renew,
* Thro' various and perplexed Mazes led,
Truth's still in darkness undiscovered.

Here disengag'd the Soul is nobly fraught
With Maxims, Which the Wise and Learn'd
(have taught
From Fancy and Opinion Wholly free
She now regains and keeps her Liberty:
Calm and sedate, as freed from Grief or Pain
She still enjoys a peaceful Halcyon Reign;
Shewing how few things Happiness do make
And what it is Men call so by mistake.
Such were these Rules, but 'tis to You we owe
That they in Numbers and in Measure flow;
So Bards and Druids under awful shade
Of Reverend Aged Oak, of old convey'd

* In vain the treacherous flying guide pursue, Thei
Thro' &c.

*Their sacred Verse to the admiring throng,
And taught 'em Vertue as they heard their Song,
These were our Native Prophets; such are you,
Prophet, Philosopher, and Poet too.*

*Emmanuel Colledge,
Sept. the 28th. 1696.*

WILL. PEIRSE.

C 2

THE

The LIFE of
EPICTETUS.

E*Pictetus* was born about the end of *Nero's* Empire, at *Hierapolis*, a City of *Phrygia*: During the first years of his Life, he was a Slave to *Epaphroditus*, a Libertine and Captain of *Nero's* Life-Guard: How he obtained his Liberty and became a Philosopher of the Stoick Sect, is uncertain, only this we find, that he upon the Edict made in the eighth year of *Domitian's* Empire, was forced as a Philosopher to quit the City of *Rome* and *Italy*, and amongst others to retire to *Nicapolis*: he had far renounced Ostentation and Ambition, then reigning Vices amongst all the Philosophers: For, as *Vincentius Obsepæus* witnesseth, his House at *Rome* was without a Door, his Attendance only an old-Servant Maid, and all his Household-stuff an earthen Lamp, by the light whereof he brought forth those noble and Divine Reflections. This after his Death was so
much

The Life of Epictetus.

much valued (*Lucian* reporting it) that it was sold for three thousand Drachmas, or Groats : The Purchaser thinking that if by night he constantly read thereby, he should not only attain his Wisdom, but grow into equal Admiration. *Epictetus* would have all Philosophy to consist in Constancy and Continence; whence he had always these words in his Mouth, *Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου*, *Bear and Forbear*, which were generally as well Practic'd as taught by him; for during the time of his slavery, his Master *Epaphroditus* would make a
 t his ordinary pastime to wrinch *Epictetus*, his Slave's Leg; who smilingly and without the least passion told him, that if he continu'd his sport, he would break t, which accordingly he did. *Did not I tell you* (then said he) *you would break my Leg.* How great a piece of patience was this, scarce to be parallel'd, except in this other of his own, which was, that when his Iron Lamp, he much valu'd, was stolen, all he said, was, *I shall deceive the Thief to-morrow, for if he come for another, it shall be an Earthen one.* And he was not only a great Maintainer of this single Vertue, Patience; but likewise a Practicer as well as Maintainer of all the rest in general: For as there was not any one in his time that

2. see *Sueton. Domitian. c. 14.* ^{did}

The Life of Epictetus.

did so many good Actions as he; so were there not any that made it so much his business to conceal them; being of Opinion, that a true Philosopher ought to do, and not to speak. And what's particularly more observable in him, is, that of all the Philosophers, he had the best Opinion concerning the Deity, and the greatest insight into our Mysteries. His Sentiments are so conformable to Christianity, that St. *Augustine*, as great an Enemy as he was to ancient Philosophers speaks very advantageously of this Man nay, so far as to honour him with the Denomination of most wise. And no doubt St. *Augustine* had good reason to give him that Character, since *Epictetus* was clearly perswaded of the Immortality of the Soul, a great admirer of Providence, a most Enemy to Impiety and Atheism, and acknowledged but one Divinity. To sum up all, an admirable Modesty, a profound Wisdom, and above all, an inflexible Integrity were very remarkable in him, and they recommended him not only to the admiration of all in general; but also in particular to the Esteem and Friendship of the greatest Persons of his Age, who bore him so great respect and veneration, for whatever came from him, as none oppose

The Life of Epictetus.

. He died in the 902 year after the foundation of *Rome*, and agreeing to the year of our Lord 150, in or about the 6 year of his Age; since which time this following Book of his hath continued in such Estimation, as many Learned Hands have been employed in the explanation of it: in their own Language, and some in the rendring of it into others. Of the first *Simplicius*, our Learned *Causabon*, and several others, who have writ their Commentaries thereon. Of the last, Monsieur *Du Vair*, and Monsieur *Boileau* in *French*: Mr. *Davys*, and Mr. *Healey* in *English*; which now Mr. *Walker* hath not only again translated, but also exceeding them all, hath adorned with most Elegant Verse.

no other
different Method from any
he Author of the *Weeks Preparati*
sacrament, &c. Together with th
Feast and Fasts, as they are obse
the Church of *England*, Explained,
Reasons why they are yearly Celat

II. *Preparation to a Holy Life*, to
ons for Families and Private Person
Directions suited to most Partici
ses, &c. By the Author of the *P*
paration to the Sacrament, &c.

III. *Meditations upon Living I*
Dying Happily, with suitable I
the end of each Chapter. Wri
ginally in *Latin* by that Learned I
Daniel Sennertus, and now Trai

EPICTETI ENCHIRIDION

Made *ENGLISH*,
I N A
Poetical Paraphrase.

I.

Respecting Man, things are divided thus :

Some do not, and some do belong to us.
me within compass of our power fall,
id these are they which we our own may call.
ch an Allegiance all our deeds declare,
ch our Endeavours, Thoughts, Aversions are,
ch our Desires ; but Honour, Greatness, Wealth,
ur Bodies, Life, and Lifes chief comfort, Health,
With all things else, of every other kind,
hat own not a dependence on the mind)
hich Mortals with concern desire or fear,
re such as are not in our Pow'r, or Sphere.

B

II. These

I I.

Those Actions which are purely ours, are free
 By Nature such as cannot hinder'd be,
 Above the stroke of Chance, or Destiny.
 But those o're which our Power bears no sway,
 Are poor, another's, servile, and obey
 The hind'rance of each rub that stops the way.

I I I.

If then you should suppose those things are free
 Whose Nature is condemn'd to Slavery ;
 Should you suppose what is not yours, your own
 It will cost you many a sigh, and many a groan
 Many a disappointment will you find,
 Abortive hopes, and a distracted mind,
 And oft accuse, nay curse, both Gods and Men,
 And lay your own rash foolish fault on Them.
 But if what's truly yours, you truly know ;
 Not judging that your own that is not so,
 None shall compel you, none at hind'rance be
 No Sorrow shalt thou know, no Enemy ;
 None shall your Body hurt, or Name abuse ;
 None shalt thou blame in anger, none accuse,

For shalt thou poorly be oblig'd to do
What thy great Soul doth not consent unto.

IV.

If then thou dost desire such things as these,
If thou wou'dst tread these flow'ry ways of peace,
Remember that with fervency and care,
Not chill'd with cold indifference, you prepare.
Some things must be to your dear self deny'd
For a short space, some wholly laid aside.
For, if at once thou dost desire to reign,
Be rich, and yet true happiness attain ;
That is, at once, be very wise and vain :
By this impartial Chace, 'tis likely you
Both Games may lose which you at once pursue ;
Desiring this, you Wealth and Pow'r may lose ;
True happiness destroy pursuing those :
You by one care the other will defeat,
And neither happy be, nor rich, nor great.

V.

When Fancy then with her black Train appears,
Of difficulties, dangers, hardships, fears,

With a pale ghastly face, whose awful frown
 Frights Sleep away, and hardens Beds of Down,
 Be ready to say thus : That which I see
 < Is not indeed that which it seems to be.
 < Then strait examine it, and try it by
 Those Rules you have, but this especially,
 Whether it points at things in us or no ;
 If not at things which in our pow'r we know,
 Tis but a Eugbear-dream, an empty Show,
 Of no concern to thee, like Clouds that fly
 In various forms, and vanish in the Sky.

VI.

With our averfions and desires, doth rise
 A smiling Twin-born hope, whose flatteries
 Do equally themselves to each divide,
 And with the like kind looks sooth either side.
 This, with a promise of obtaining, fires
 The eager mind, and tickles the desires.
 This promifeth, that something we shall shun,
 From which we are averfe, from which we run.

ENCHIRIDION.

Now what Misfortunes, Vulture-like, attend
The poor defeated wretch that fails of's end !
And, ah ! What real grief doth him surprize,
Who suffers that from which with care he flies !
If then you only do such things decline
As are within thy power, by Nature thine,
Nothing shall ever frustrate your design.
But if from Sicknefs, Want, or Death you fly,
In Sorrow you shall live, with Terrours die.

VII.

Therefore be sure that your Aversions fall
Only on things which you your own may call ;
But for the present all desires suspend,
For if to things not in your pow'r they tend,
Folly and grief you'll find, but lose your end.
And as for things even in your pow'r, what's fit,
It may be well presum'd, you know not yet
What's most to be esteem'd, what most admir'd,
What with most fervency and zeal desir'd.
Be wary then, as cautious Generals are,
When they by entrance at some breach prepare,
Where Ambuscade, or bursting Mines they fear.

Think that
Approach with prudent leisure, that
You may withdraw your Forces when

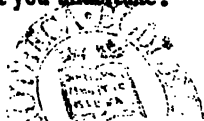
VIII.

In things that charm the Soul, whi
By Nature's force, use, profit, or de
Beginning from the meanest things,
Your tender thoughts, consider wh
Asthus: Suppose some modish ne
Of Potters Skill in Earthen Ware y
Consider, 'tis but varnish'd Clay,
By every light and accidental fro
pleasing Toy you

Are but meer mortal Pots of finer Clay,
Wrought with more Art, more subject to decay ;
Poor, feeble, sickly things, of human kind,
To the long cares of a short life confin'd,
The riotous sport of Death, whose Beauties must
Crumble to their first principles of Dust.
Arm'd with these thoughts, you never shall bewail
The loss of things so ruinous and frail.

IX.

In every thing you undertake, 'tis fit
You in true Judgments Scales examine it ;
Weigh ev'ry circumstance, each consequence,
And usual accident arising thence.
As thus : Suppose you for the Bath prepare,
Consider the disorders frequent there ;
One throwing Water in anothers face,
Some railing, others just'd from their place ;
This Bully giving, that receiving blows ;
Some picking Pockets, others stealing Cloaths.
With safety thus you the wish'd Port may make,
If thus you Preface what you undertake :



I'll instantly go wash, resolv'd to do
 What Nature and my Will incline me to.
 And thus in all things else prepare your mind
 And tho', perhaps, you some disturbance find
 When you prepare to wash, unshock'd you'll see
 This hindrance we expected in our way.
 This we consider'd, when resolv'd to do
 What Nature and our Will inclin'd us to ;
 This we resolv'd on ; for we needs must miss
 Our propos'd end, when vex'd at things like this

X.

Unjustly Men of Nature's Laws complain,
 As cause of all their misery and pain:
 Nothing in Nature can afflict them ; no,
 'Tis their Opinion only breeds their woe ;
 If wretched, that alone hath made them so.
 They their own Bridewel in their breasts do bear
 And their own Judge and Executioner.
 Not Death it self (how grim soe'er it seem)
 Is so truly terrible ; or it had been
 As dreadful to great *Socrates* as Thee,
 Ev'n his strong Soul had shrunk with fear ; but :

Outfit

Outstar'd the prejudice, and shew'd 'twas mean,
 A Notion void of Sense, a waking Dream,
 Such as from ill-digested thoughts doth steam.
 A Monster which you paint with hollow Eyes,
 Attended with sad looks, and mournful cries;
 A Scare-crow which thine own Opinion made,
 From this you fly, of this you are afraid,
 * When then we meet some check in some design,
 When at each little hindrance we repine,
 Lets lay the fault at our own doors, and blame
 The giddy whimsies which our fancies frame,
 Those ill-shap'd Centaurs of a cloudy brain.
 To blame another for things manag'd ill,
 Things subject to thy power, and sovereign will,
 Shews want of Thought, Philosophy, and Skill.
 To blame thy self, shews thou hast but begun
 The glorious Race, nor hast it thoroughly run;
 He that blames neither, only wins the Prize,
 Is justly crown'd by all, is only wise.

* Here I join two Chapters together, because in some Books I find them so, and the Sense requires it.

X I.

Be not transported with too great a sense
 Of any outward Object's excellence :
 For shou'd the pamper'd Courser which you feed,
 Of swiftest heels, and of the noblest breed,
 Thro' sense of vigour, strength of Oats and Hay,
 From his full Manger turn his head, and say,
 Am I not beautiful, and sleek, and gay ?
 'Twere to be born in him, the Speech might suit
 The Parts and Education of the Brute :
 But when with too much pleasure You admire
 Your Horses worth, and vainly boast his Sire,
 And tire us out with endless idle prate,
 About his Crest, his Colour, or his Gate,
 'Tis plain you think his Owner fortunate.
 You're proud he's yours, and vainly claim as due,
 What to the Beast belongs, and not to You.
 Too plainly is your selfish folly shewn,
 Adding your Horses Vertues to your own.
 Well then perhaps you'll ask what's yours of these
 Dear outward things, that seem so much to please

Why, nothing but the use. If then you chuse
 What's truly good ; what is not so, refuse.
 If the well- chosen good you rightly use,
 As Nature's light informs you, then alone
 You may rejoice in something of your own.

X I I.

As in a Voyage, when you at Anchor ride,
 You go on shore fresh water to provide,
 And perhaps gather what you chance to find;
 Shell-fish or roots of palatable kind ;
 Yet still you ought to fix your greatest care
 Upon your Ship, upon your bus'ness there :
 Still thoughtful, lest perhaps the Master call,
 Which if he do, then you must part with all
 Those darling trifles that retard your haste,
 Lest, bound like sheep, you by constraint are cast
 Into the Hold : Thus in your course of life,
 Suppose you a lovely Son, or beauteous Wife,
 Instead of those foremention'd trinkets, find,
 And bless your Stars, and think your Fortune kind ;
 Yet still be ready, if the Master call,
 To cast your burden down, and part with all.

Keep always near your Ship, and
To stoop for worthless lumber on the
Short is the time allow'd to make you
Which must not for such tasteless Joy
Your reverend Play-things will but ill
Beside; you'll find they'll cost you ve
c 'Tis well if Age can its own weakness
Unmanly with dotage, when you're
How will you drag the tiresome load
With Tears and Sighs much sally
And crawl with pain undecently aw

'Tis but the Bodies pain, a surly ill,
Which may impede the Body, not the Will;
For all the Actions of th'obsequious mind
Are in your pow'r, to your own choice confin'd.
Thus strength and vigor may your nerves forsake,
And lameness from your feet all motion take,
But can in thee not the least hindrance make.
'Tis in thy pow'r to resolve not to go,
Judge if it be an hindrance or no.
You on your feet may an Embargo lay,
As well as chance, or natural decay.
Consider thus, in all things else you'll find
Nothing can hinder or confine the Mind;
In spite of ev'ry accident you're free,
Those hinder something else, but cannot Thee.

XIV.

In ev'ry thing that happens, search your mind,
And try what force, what faculty you find,
For the encounter of the Object fit,
In the same moment when you meet with it:
As if some beauteous Female you espy,
Whose pow'rful Air detains your wandring Eye,

Strait ransacking the Treasures of your Soul,
You'll find strong *Temp'rance* will that pow'r cont
Whose cool directions presently assuage
The keenest fires, the Dog-star Beauties rage.
These (if you mean to conquer) soon disarm
Each softning Smile, and each obliging Charm
Are any hardships of laborious weight
Impos'd, by Fortitude they're conquer'd straight
Nor rowling Seas, nor an impetuous Wind,
Can over-set this Ballast of the Mind ;
Secure of Storms, you on the Billows ride,
And stem the furious Current of the Tide.
Are you abus'd? hath any done you wrong
By the base Venom of a railing Tongue ?
Soft Patience gives an easie Remedy,
Deadens the force of the Artillery ;
The Poyson spreads into the yielding Air,
Unhurt you find it pass, and vanish there.
In your own Breast you'll always find supply
Of aid, provide you make this scrutiny :
No entrance of the Foe you need to fear,
You'll find th'Avenue guarded every where.

XV.

With Men 'tis usual, when depriv'd of ought
Which with much pleasure entertain'd the thought,
To say, that such a thing they've lost. In you,
Who the great search of Wisdom do pursue,
To say you've lost, is mean ; say you've restor'd
What bounteous God did for a while afford.
Your only Son, your dearest Hope, is dead :
Why do you beat your breast, and shake your head ?
Why Man ? he's but restor'd, return'd again
To the kind Owners hand from whence he came.
You've lost your Land by fraud ; a vain mistake !
How is that lost that is but given back ?
Eut he that thus deceiv'd me, was not he
A Villain and a Knave ? What's that to thee ?
What is't to thee ? Is he a Knave or no
By whom he takes, who did the Gift bestow ?
Was't not his own ? You'll grant me, I suppose,
To whom he would he might of's own dispose.
While he allows, use what belongs to him,
Not as your own, as Travellers their Inn,

Who as at home are treated, while they pay,
But claim no Title longer than they stay.

XVI.

You wou'd be wise, I'll teach you if you p'le
Withdraw your mind from such wild thoughts;
If I my wonted diligence forget, (1
My gainful drudgery, how shall I eat?
I certainly shall starve for want of Meat.
If I indulge, and not chastise my Boy,
My Lenity his Morals may destroy;
He still will steer the course he hath begun,
And to the very height of Lewdness run.
I tell thee, Mortal, that 'tis better far
To die with thirst and hunger, free from care
With a serene and an undaunted mind,
Than live in Wealth, to its dire cares confin'd.
As for the Boy, 'tis better far that he
Become a Proverb for Debauchery;
'Tis better he were hang'd * than you shou'd be

A moment's grief by your reforming care.

* 'Tis deputed that the Wife will not be offended at word, for if it be no matter, and of no concern, whether the boy be lewd or no, 'tis no matter, and of no concern whether the boy be hang'd, for this likewise, TAYLOR.

at this is more than difficult you'll say,
 too hard a Rule for Flesh and Blood to obey :
 But by a former Rule 'tis easily made ;
 Begin by smallest things, as I have said :
 Suppose your Wine be stoln, your Oyl be shed ;
 And thus take comfort, Where's the loss, if I
 At such a rate Tranquility can buy ?
 Constancy at such a rate be bought,
 And there's not any thing that's got for nought ?
 Suppose you call your Servant ; he's at play,
 When he's present minds not what you say :
 And is the quiet of your Soul perplex'd
 At this ? He gets the better if you're vex'd :
 As grows your Master while he can torment ;
 We have not such pow'r to the vile negligent.

XVII.

Wou'd you be wise ? we're take it ill you're thought
 Fool, because you tamely set at nought
 Things not within your pow'r, but pass 'em by
 Without a wish, with a regardless Eye ;
 Senseless Stock, because no loss or pain
 Makes you lament, or childishly complain.

Never pretend to skill, nor wish to seem
 Deep Learn'd, nor court a Popular Esteem :
 But if, admir'd by Men, you pass for Wise,
 And draw their listening Ears, and following Eyes,
 Rather mistrust and doubt your self from thence ;
 They're oftner fond of Folly than of Sense ,
 While they admire, while you their praises hear,
 You're nearer to the Fool than e're you were :
 'Tis very likely some gross Vanity
 They fancy in themselves, and love to see
 Ripen'd in you to full maturity ;
 As, Lust of Glory, or a strong desire
 Of Wealth, or Pow'r, or Splendor in Attire.
 'Tis altogether vain to think t'adhere
 To the strict Principles agreed on here,
 While you the course quite contrary do steer,
 To things not in your pow'r, which if you reach,
 You needs must quit the Discipline we teach.

XVIII.

If you desire your Children, Friends, or Wife,
 Shou'd never dye, but share Immortal Life

With the bleſt Gods, 'tis perfect Lunacy;
Bedlam hath many a wiſer Man than thee :
 A Doctor and dark Room may do thee good ;
 Take Phyſick, I adviſe thee, and let Blood.
 Will nothing but Impoſſibles go down ?
 You wiſh that what's not in your pow'r may own
 Subjection to your will, and wou'd confine
 What's in anothers pow'r to be in thine.
 Thus if you wiſh your Son may blameleſs be,
 Though he hath rak'd the ſink of Infamy,
 'Tis a return of your Infirmity,
 A ſpice of Madneſs ſtill : As well you might
 Wiſh Vice were Virtue, wiſh that black were white
 Is wiſhing then deny'd ? And muſt our Mind
 To the duſt preſent only be confin'd ?
 No, doubtleſs you may wiſh ; nor need you fear
 Deſeat, provide you wiſh within your Sphere.

X. I X.

Him, and Him only, we may juſtly call
 The pow'rful Lord, the Sovereign of all,

Whoſe

Whose Power's such, that as he please he may
 Keep what he will, or give, or take away;
If then thou wouldst be free, a Monarch still;
 Nor wish, nor shun, what's in another's Will.
 Thus what you would you shun, or wish you have
 Thus are you free; if otherwise, a Slave.

XX.

With the same manners which when you're at a
 You use at some rich Neighbours sumptuous Feast
 Manage the rest of your Affairs of life,
 With easie Conversation, void of strife;
 Void of rude Noise: As when some Novelty
 Is handed round the Table; if 'tis nice, (deft)
 Stretch forth your hand, take share with modesty
 If it pass by, do not detain by force,
 Nor snatch at it, 'twill shew your breeding course
 Is it not near you yet, at distance plac'd?
 Shew not your greediness by too much haste;
 Nor, like a hungry Waiter standing by,
 Devour it at distance with your Eye.
 Abstain a while, 'tis but a minutes fast,
 Take patience, Man, 'twill surely come at last.

No

Now if the same behaviour be your guide
 In all the actions of your Life beside,
 As in respect of Children, Wife, Estate,
 Of being rich, or made a Magistrate ;
 If modestly you take, and thank kind Heaven
 For any of these Blessings to you given ;
 Or if depriv'd of ought, you straight resign
 All to his Will, nor peevishly repine ;
 Or if as yet unblest, you meekly wait
 With humble patience the Decrees of Fate,
 Not desperate, nor yet importunate :
 Some time or other, when the Gods think fit,
 Blest with eternal Banquets you shall sit
 Among th'immortal Pow'rs, and free from care,
 Perpetual joys and Happiness shall share.
 But if so great your Soul, as to abstain,
 And bravely with a noble scorn disdain
 These outward proffers, which Mankind do bless,
 You're sure a God, you cannot sure be less :
 For what's a God, but a blest Being freed
 From cares, that never dies, or stands in need ?

You shall not only be the Guest of Heaven,
 But with the foremost rank of Gods be even,
 Equal in Power. By methods such as these,
 Great *Heraclitus*, Great *Diogenes*,
 And some like them, to deathless honours rise
 Who with th'Immortal in due Glory shine;
 Who, as they well deserv'd, were call'd Divine

X X I.

When you see any one with Tears bemoan
 The loss of Goods, or absence of a Son,
 Whom he perhaps thinks drown'd at Sea, bew
 You be not bias'd here, and fondly share
 His foolish weakness, and commiserate
 His ruin'd and deplorable Estate,
 While vainly he in earnest doth bemoan
 Things in anothers power, not in his own.
 T'avoid this Error therefore keep in mind
 This Reas'ning, 'tis of mighty use you'll find,
 What hath befall'n this Man doth not molest
 His Mind, nor plays the Tyrant in his Breast:
 He by his own Opinion is distress'd.

For could the thing it self afflict him, then
 'Twould work the same effect in other Men.
 But this we see disprov'd, since some Men bear
 The like Disasters without Sigh or Tear.
 You may indeed condole as far as Words,
 This pity meer Civility affords :
 To tell him he's mistaken, will enrage
 His Grief ; to call him Fool will not assuage.
 Beside, 'tis rudeness, barbarous cruelty,
 T'insult even over fancy'd Misery.
 Nay, we'll allow that you may sigh with him ;
 But then beware, lest you perhaps begin
 To be too sensibly concern'd within.

X X I I.

While on this busie Stage, the World, you stay
 You're as it were the Actor of a Play ;
 Of such a Part therein as he thinks fit,
 To whom belongs the power of giving it.
 Longer or shorter is your Part, as he,
 The Master of the Revels, shall decree.
 If he command you act the Egggar's part,
 Do it with all your Skill, with all your Art.

For The

Though mean the Character, yet ne're complain
 Perform it well, as much applause you'll gain
 As he whose Princely Grandeur fills the Stage,
 And frights all near him in heroick rage.
 Say you a Cit or Cripple represent,
 Let each be done with the best management.
 'Tis in your power to perform with Art,
 Though not within your pow'r to chuse the Part

X X I I.

The direful Ravens, or the Night-Owls Voice,
 Brightens the Neighbourhood with boding Noise
 While each believes the knowing Bird portends
 Sure Death, or to Himself, or to his Friends;
 Though all that the Nocturnal Prophet knows
 Is want of Food, which he by whooting shews.
 But say this Oracle, with Wings and Beak,
 As certain Truths as *Delphick* Priestesses speak,
 And that through prejudice you should suppose
 This Boder could Puturity disclose,
 Yet be not mov'd; distinguish thus, you're free,
 These Omens threaten something else, not Me:

danger to my Body, Good, or Name,
 children, or my Wife, they may proclaim;
 these are but th'Appendixes of Me,
 these Tokens all auspicious be,
 I from outward Accidents like these
 reap much real Profit, if I please.

XXIV.

you would be invincible, you may;
 show y'a certain and a ready way.
 can't be conquer'd, if you never try
 my kind to get the Mastery.
 not within your pow'r to bear away
 Prize, 'tis in your choice not to essay.

XXV.

When any Man of greater Power you see
 clothed with the Robes of Dignity,
 honours gaudiest, gayest Livery,
 adored by all; whose Arbitrary Will,
 whose very breath, whose very look can kill,
 whose Power and whose Wealth knows no restraint
 whose Greatness hardly Flattery can paint:

Take care you be not here entangled by
 The too great lustre that beguiles your Eye ;
 Beware you do not envy his Estate,
 Nor think him happier because he's great.
 For if true quiet and tranquility
 Consist in things which in our power be,
 What residence can Emulation find ?
 What room hath restless Envy in the Mind ?
 Envy and Happiness can ne're reside
 In the same place, nor in one Breast abide.
 Nor do you wish your self (if we may guess
 Your real thoughts by what you do profess)
 To be a Senator or General,
 But to be Free, (that's greater than them all :)
 This freedom you would gladly learn you say,
 To which there is but one, one only way ;
 Which is to scorn with brave and decent Pride
 All things that in anothers power reside.

X X V I.

Not he that beats thee, or with slanderous Tongue
 Gives thee ill language, doth thee any wrong :

This

hine own false Notions give the injury ;
 ese slander, give th'affront, and cudgel thee.
 hen words traduce, or blows the limbs torment,
 ick 'tis not in your power to prevent ;
 is presently you term an Injury,
 give no tolerable reason why.
 I plead your Carcass and good Name are dear,
 e wound goes to your Soul, that wounds you
 false, 'tis but a scratch ; nor can it find (there.
 entrance thither, or disturb your Mind,
 hout your own consent ; an Injury
 omething else without, 'tis none to Thee.
 s when provok'd, your own Opinion blame,
 that provokes, and causeth all the pain.
 efore beware, lest Objects such as these
 your affect too soon, with too much ease,
 fancy'd harms your Mind with grief affect,
 fancy to this should gain too much respect.
 you'll gain leisure, and a thinking time,
 Notions with due measures to confine ;
 dd, to prune, to polish, and refine.

XXVII.

Let Death, let Banishment, and every Ill,
 Which Mortals thoughts with apprehension fill,
 Which most they dread, and with aversion flie,
 Be always present to your Thoughts and Eye ;
But chiefly Death : Thus no mean thought shall find
Harbour, or entertainment in your mind :
 Thus no base fear shall ever force you from
 Your Noble Principles resolv'd upon.
 Not Tyrant's frowns; nor Tortures shall enslave
 Your fearless Soul ; but, generously brave,
 You all their little Malice may defie,
 Arm'd only with the thought you once must die.
 Nor can Death truly formidable seem
 To you, who with it have familiar been,
 Who every day have the pale Bugbear seen.
 Yet Death's the worst that you can undergo,
 The utmost limit, the last Scene of Woe,
 The greatest spite your Enemy can shew ;
 And yet no more than what the Gout or Stone
 With more malicious fury might have done.

Arm'd with the thoughts of Death, no fond desire
 Of Wealth, nor the deluding foolish fire
 Of Power, shall lead you on with hopes to gain
 What Death hath sworn you shall not long retain.

XXVIII.

Wisdom, you say, is what you most desire,
 The only charming Blessing you admire ;
 Therefore be bold, and fit your self to bear
 Many a taunt, and patiently to hear
 The grinning foolish Rabble laugh aloud,
 At you the sport and pastime of the Crowd,
 While in like jeers they vent their filthy spleen,
 Whence all this gravity, this careless mein ?
 And whence, of late, is this Pretender come,
 This new Proficient, this Mushroom,
 This young Philosopher with half a Beard ?
 Of him, till now, we have no mention heard.
 Whence all this supercilious pride of late ?
 This stiff behaviour, this affected gate ?
 This will perhaps be said ; but be not you
 Sullen, nor bend a supercilious brow,
 Lest thus you prove their vile reproaches true,

Which are but words of course, the excrement
 The usual malice which alike they vent
 Upon the guilty and the innocent.

But firmly still to what seems best adhere,
 As if by Heaven's Commands you order'd were
 To keep that Post, not to be driv'n from thence
 By force, much less a scurrilous offence ;
 Which if you still maintain, you shall become
 Even your Revilers admiration :
 Forc'd to confess their faults, they'll court you more
 Than they reproach'd or laugh'd at you before
 But if through mockery you tamely yield,
 And quit your noble station in the Field,
 You're to be laugh'd at on a double score,
 First for attempting, then for giving o're.

XXIX.

If to please others, studying to be dear (Spoke
 In their kind thoughts, you move beyond your
 And look abroad, respect and praise to gain,
 And the poor outward trifle, call'd a *Name* :
 You lose the Character you wish to bear,
 You lose your station of Philosopher.

Let it suffice, that such your self you know,
No matter whether other men think so.
Let it be to your self, if wise you'd seem ;
And 'tis enough you gain your own esteem.

X X X.

Let not these thoughts torment you : I, alas !
A few ignoble Poverty shall pass
My wretched days, and unregarded lie,
Buried alive in dark Obscurity ;
No Honour, no Preferment shall I have,
But 'Scutcheonless descend into the Grave :
This as a wondrous hardship you bemoan,
Grievous ill, when really 'tis none ;
The outward want of Power, Preferment, Place,
No more misery than 'tis disgrace :
And that 'tis no disgrace I shall evince ;
There's the disgrace you are not made a Prince,
Or that you are not invited to a Feast,
'Tis none, by every man of Sense confest ;
Or where's the Man in's Wits, that can expect,
That things not in your pow'r you should effect.

And

And why of want of power should you compl
Who can no place, or honour, justly claim,
Except in things in your own power ; in the
You may be great and powerful as you plea
But then you plead, I thus shall useless grow
To those I love, nor shall I kindness shew,
Nor wealth, nor power, on my best Friends be
Nor by my int'rest cause them to become,
Free of each gainful Priviledge in *Rome*,
Nor when I please an Officer to create,
Nor raise them to be Utensils of State.
And who e're told you yet, that these things
Within your power or capacity ?
Or where's the Man, that can to others gran
That Place, or Honour, he himself doth wan
But they're importunate, alas, and cry,
Get it, that we your Friends may gain there
Answer them thus, I'll do it if I can,
So I may keep my self a modest man,
Just to my self, still innocent and free.
A Man of Honour and Integrity,

I'll use my best endeavours ; if I may
 Gain it on these conditions, shew the way ;
 But if you think I'll this true Wealth forgo,
 That you may something gain, that is not so :
 See how unjust this Self partiality,
 And to be plain you are no Friend for me,
 If you prefer a base penurious end,
 Before an honest, and a modest Friend ;
 Suppose your choice were such, then shew me how,
 What you so earnestly desire, to do,
 And keep my Principles of freedom too.
 But think not I will part with happiness,
 That you some worthless pleasure may possess. /
 But thus your Country nothing by your gains :
 What's this advantage that your Country claims ?
 Is it that Baths you make, with cost and charge ?
 Or Porches build unimitably large ?
 Where late Posterity may read your Name,
 Which there you consecrate to lasting Fame ;
 These Gifts from you your Country can expect
 No more, than Physick from an Arthitect.

Or

Or that a Shoemaker should Armour make,
 Or of your foot a Smith the measure take.
 For 'tis enough if each perform it's Trade,
 The work for which he seems by Nature made,
 If each man mind the way, in which he's plac'd,
 The Smith his Anvil, Shoemaker his Last.
 And thus if you the height of Wisdom reach,
 And what so well you know, as well can teach.
 If by these noble methods you profess,
 You with another heart man can bless.
 The City where you dwell, you give no less
 Than he, who on his Country doth confer
 Porches, or Baths, or Amphitheater.
 Well then I th' City, where I useful am,
 What Office shall I have? Such as you can,
 Keeping your Honour, and your Conscience free,
 With spotless Innocence, and Modesty.
 But if while fondly you desire to please
 Your fellow Citizens, you part with these;
 You labour but in vain, for where's the use
 Of one grown Impudent and Scandalous?

XXXI.

any one saluted, or embrac'd
 more respect than you, or higher plac'd
 able, is he thought more grave and wise,
 better parts, and abler to advise;
 ge not: but if these things be good, rejoice
 're plac'd so well, and meet so good a choice;
 if they're bad, why should you take offence,
 you in these have not the preference?
 ow can you, that neither cringe nor bow,
 other Antick Spaniel-fricks do shew,
 flatter, fawn, forswear, assent, or lye,
 use that servile knavish industry,
 high base supple Slaves their ends obtain,
 same respect, or the same favour gain?
 how should you, who scorn to condescend
 early morning visits to attend
 awaking of a rich, proud, pow'rful Friend
 st to share th' advantages that fall
 him that helps to fill his crowded Hall?
 ke a Centinel, still walks before
 astrous House, and almost courts his Door;

Who,

And that each look, each smile of
Warmth to the Summer, Beauty
Who, when his Lordship frowns, ac
And manly fierceness, that adorns
Applauds the thunder of his well
And then the modish fashion of his
And vows the Taylor, who the Ga
Happy in making them, though ne
These are the means by which he sta
Of Favours, by each Fly-blown Fo
At every Feast an acceptable Guest.
These if you'd purchase, and

Your Salad wants these Lettice, you withhold
 The small equivalent, for which they're sold.
 Nor is your case a jot the worse for this,
 For as the Lettice which he bought are his,
 So yours, who did not buy, the Farthing is.
 Thus if you're not invited out to Dine,
 You pay not for his Meat, nor for his Wine,
 For he (be not deceiv'd) who entertains,
 Doth it not *Gratis*, he too looks for gains.
 Right bounteous he seems, but sells his Meat,
 And praise expects for every bit you eat,
 Each luscious draught, each pleasing delicate,
 Is but a specious snare, a tempting Bait;
 You the rich Entertainment dearly buy,
 By mean, obsequious, servile Flattery.
 If then these things, that must be purchas'd thus,
 Seem useful to you, and commodious,
 Lay down the value, do not think to get,
 Unless you give the rate at which they're set.
 These, if on easier terms you would provide,
 And without paying for them be supply'd,
 How can your foolish wish be satisfy'd?

Well then, but shall I nothing have instead
 Of this dear Feast, that stills run in my Head?
 Yes, if you're not insatiable, you have
 Enough in lieu thereof, you're not a Slave;
 You have not prais'd him, who's below your hat
 You've not admir'd his Dinner, nor his Plate,
 Nor past a Complement against your Will,
 Nor in low cringes shewn your aukward Skill,
 Nor fed his Dogs, to shew the vast respect,
 The Master of the Favourites may expect.
 Nor did y' admire his sumpt'ous Furniture,
 Nor all that civil insolence endure,
 With which at meeting he informs you how,
 When y ou depart his presence, you must bow.
 Nor have ^{you} born his Arrogance and Pride,
 While he surveys his Board on every side,
 And fancies that he's bountiful and great,
 And thinks he makes you happy by his Meat.

X X X I I.

Nature's Design, Decrees, and will we read,
 In things concerning which we're all agreed,
 Which no Dispute, or Controversie need.

As, say your Neighbour's Boy hath broke a Glass,
 You're apt to cry, these things must come to pass,
 So if your own be broke, you ought from thence
 To learn to bear it with like patience,
 As if 'twere his; thence by degrees ascend,
 As thus, suppose your Neighbour lose a Friend,
 Bury his Wife, or Son, I know you'll cry,
 'Tis not so strange a thing that Mortals dye,
 But say the case be yours, the loss you own,
 Then what a howling's there, what pitious moan,
 What Tears you shed! Ah me! forlorn! undone!
 I've lost, you cry, I've lost my only Son!
 The innocent, sweet, beauteous Youth is dead,
 He's gone, and all my Joys are with him fled.
 When all this while you should remember how
 Your Neighbour's case, like yours, affected you
 Without a sigh, without a tear, or groan,
 You bore his loss, and so should bear your own.

XXXII.

As no Man sets up marks that he may miss,
 So no such real thing as ill there is;

For should we grant that ought in Nature
Tould argue cruelty, and want of skill
In the great Artist, who all wise and kind
Nothing that is not for thy good design'd
Nothing to grieve, or to torment thy mind
This you think wisely answer'd, when you
Suppose a Russian beat me on the way,
Or force me publicly in open Street;
To take a kick from every Slave I meet,
Unjust the violence, nor can I bear
Such an Affront; I must be angry here;
Even you'll acknowledge this to be an ill.
Thus you remain in your old Error still.
I thought that we had clear'd that point
With such plain proof that it requir'd not
I shew'd you 'twas no ill, and bid you ban
False Notions, the base issue of your Brain
You're angry at the Man who did expose
Your Body to the injury of Blows,
And yet expose your mind to grief and pain
As oft as any Raiser's pleas'd to stain
With vile Reproach, the beauty of your Name

ENCHIRIDION.

4_r

then your self, but judge impartially,
guilty of the greater injury,

3

you expose your Mind, your Body he.

ve, be angry, envy, or to hate,

indeed, but such as you create;

se let not kind Nature be arraign'd,

ily you, are to be justly blam'd.

ore in every thing you undertake.

gment fit, and Just inquiry make

relinquaries leading to

tion, which you have design'd to do :

y consequence and accident,

obably may wait on the event,

that you can bear it though it be

ch, or Blows, or Death with bravery ;

f you carelessly neglect to weigh,

2

a brisk and vig'rous at the first essay,

ect some shameful hind'rance by the way

XXXIV.

you'd win the Olive Crown, and lust

the Harvest of th' *Olympick* Dust ;



E 3

That

That History may reckon by your Name
 From the great Year, when such a one o'r came. }
 Tis brave, and by the Gods I wish the same.
 But then consider first what's to be done,
 Through what a course of Hardships you must run
 E're you proceed, and what may be th' event,
 And consequence of such a great attempt.
 With a strict course of life you must begin,
 Confin'd by methods and sharp discipline:
 According to direction you must eat
 Nothing that's Boil'd, and such a kind of Meat
 As is allow'd, then you must drink no Wine,
 Nor yet cold Water, and observe your time
 For Exercise, you must your self inure,
 The Summers heat, and Winters cold t'indure.
 These preparations made, you then must try,
 If possible, to gain the Victory,
 And that not without labour, danger, harm,
 Or loss of Rib, perhaps a Leg or Arm;
 And when whole pecks of Dust you've swallow'd } (down
 Been lasht and all things requisite have done,
 Tis possible that you may lose the Crown. }

These Hazards when you've throughly survey'd,
 You still may venture on, nor be dismay'd,
 You'll find the *turbowlighter* web you've weigh'd,
 Else you'll desist, and jade, like wanton Boys,
 Who tir'd, and pleas'd, with novelty of Toys,
 Scarce warm in one, begin another play,
 And scorn the tedious sport of yesterday ;
 Who sometimes Pipers, Wrestlers represent,
 Or with tough Cudgel try their hardiment ;
 Sometimes the Horn, or the shrill Trumpet sound,
 Yet Tragedies, and kill without a Wound.
 Thoughtless as they, onewhile your hand you'll try
 In Wrestling, Fencing next, then Poetry,
 In Rhet'rick, nay, perhaps, Philosophy.
 But fail in each, and all these pains bestow,
 Ridiculous as possible to grow,
 And make a wondrous bustle to express
 Reverend, and more serious Childishness ;
 Like a grave Ape, whom Nature did create
 A Type of you, who can but imitate ;
 Who one thing now, another straight admire,
 Who hurried on with violent desire,

Plunge over head and ears, before you know,
 How deep the silent smooth fac'd Waters flow,
 Or weigh the Hardships you must undergo.
 Thus some, when any much fam'd man they spy
 Admir'd for Wisdom, and for Modesty,
 Much listn'd to, and courted every where,
 And then perhaps some grave Quotation hear,
*How true speaks Socrates, nor can it be,
 That any should discourse as well as he.*
 Are taken with an itch of being Wise ;
 They too, forsooth, must needs Philosophize.

X X X V.

Having consider'd thus, what's to be done,
 The Hazards, hardships, and the risque you run;
 Consider with what strength you are endow'd,
 What Nature for th' encounter hath allow'd.
 As if y' affect the *Olimpick* Exercise,
 Examine well your Back, your Shoulders, Thighs,
 What Brawn, what Sinews for the Enterprize.
 Nor will each sort of strength suit each exploit,
 This runs, that leaps, this wrestles, throws the Coit

f the Combate with your self you try,
 by strict methods of Philosophy,
 r own rebellious Passions strive to tame,
 thus a more illustrious Conquest gain.
 can't expect t'indulge and gratifie
 Genius with accustom'd Luxury.
 'tis a Contradiction, 'tis t'obey
 : very Lusts you mean to drive away.
 should consider whether you can bear
 vant of far-fetch'd Dainties, travel'd Chear;
 hould consider whether you can Dine,
 out a Catalogue of costly Wine;
 hor that squeamishness you can forget,
 makes you keep an Almanack for Meat,
 makes you sweat, and faint, when you behold
 elty that's more than one day old;
 o be short, and serious, what you think
 ots for Food, and the cold Stream for Drink.
 ophy, like some brave Heroe, bred,
 abours harden'd, and with Hardships fed,
 , she cries, and let the early Sun
 at he sees his vigilance out-done.

Arise,

Arise, pursue, press forward, drive away
With chearful toil, the tedious ling'ring day,
Business thy sport, and Labour be thy play.
You should consider how you can dispencc,
With leaving home to gain Experience.
How you can part with Friends, and Native Air;
How the Fatigues of Travel you can bear ;
How in a thred-bare Garment old and torn,
You can endure the slights, and saucy scorn
Of Pages, Grooms, who in proud Liveries dress
Fancy a tatter'd Coat a mighty Jest.
How it will relish with you to be us'd
Worse than the basest Slaves, to be refus'd
All Honour, Power, Trust, Preferment, Place,
Not to be call'd your Worship, styl'd your Grace
In these examine well your self, and try
Whether you're willing at such rates to buy
Freedom, a quiet mind, and constancy :
Lest like the Boys I told you of, you prove
Now a Philosopher, then fall in love
With frothy trash of Orators, and thence
Straight a Collector of th' Excise commence;

hen tir'd with this, your fond desires dilate,
and wish to be a Minister of State.

These are wide contraries, as opposite
as Virtue is to Vice, as black to White.

You can but make one single man, and he
either a wise good Man, or foolish Knave must be :
He the full sway over himself must have,
Or be to things not in his power a Slave ;
kill'd in these inward Arts, or those without,
In a wise, or herd amongst the common rout ;
Or a Philosopher, or Idiot.

XXXVI.

Let your Respects and Services agree,
and be proportion'd to the Quality
Of him, to whom these Services you pay ;
Is he your Father ? Know you must obey,
and cherish him, considering all his care
for you, when weak and helpless yet you were,
and bear with him in all things, knowing how
nature oblig'd him to be kind to you ;
All this to Gratitude it self is due.

He heard your peevish brawling, strove
Your Childish wrath, and wip'd your T
And can't you bear an angry word, or bl
From one s'indulgent, one that lov'd yo
Who gave you Being? Who may well b
Twice to have given you Life, in that he
In that with so much tenderness he bred
Your younger years. Oh ! but perhaps
He's wicked and severe, I can't obey.
A lame excuse, let him be what he will,
Morose, or wicked, *He's your Father still ;*
What e're his Morals are, he may expect
From you, at least, a filial respect ;
You can't believe that Nature's bound to
A Parent for you, suited to your mind.
Well, but you think your Brother injures y
You ask me here what Nature bids you do
Nature obligeth you to pass it by,
Bids you neglect the fancy'd injury,
Nor mind what's done by him, but bids y
The hearty love you to your Brother owe,

erision only doth decline
 power to shun, can ne'r repine,
 d to murmur or blaspheme,
 le Notions lay the fault on them;
 is Man. But here you'll say,
 in for what we may
 elves, pray where's the need
 ples, or that Victims bleed?
 esents on their Altars lay?
 ife court them every day?
 for this? What's the Return
 and the Perfumes we burn?
 up them, unless you have
 and Avarice can crave?
 ven enough, in that you live:
 care, who know to give
 ask, who that bestow,
 our convenience they know.
 this will not suffice,
 apable of being wise
 us why you Sacrifice?

}
 }
 }

Wherefore your Offerings and Oblations pay
 With usual Rites; after your Countries way.
 Let them be given, as what you really owe,
 Without th' allay of vanity or shew,
 Not niggardly, nor with too great expence,
 With all devotion, care, and diligence.

XXXVIII.

When you consult the Oracle or those,
 Who the deep Secrets of the Gods disclose,
 Who fill'd with a Divine Prophetick rage,
 The Will of Heaven, and its Decrees presage,
 'Tis plain, the dark event you cannot tell,
 'Else why do you consult the Oracle?
 But if you're a Philosopher,^y you know
 Thus much at least of it, before you go;
 That if of things not in our power, th' event
 Must be infallibly indifferent,
 Nor good, nor bad; when therefore you draw nigh
 The hollow'd Cavern of the Deity,
 The Will, and the Decrees of Fate t'inquire,
 Approach without aversion or desire,

Else to the sacred Vault you'l trembling come,
 Like Men who are arraign'd, to hear their doom.
 And know, that whatsoe'r the Fates ordain,
 From thence, at least, this benefit you gain,
 That rightly using this or that Decree,
 You make a Vertue of Necessity;
 And what this benefit doth most inhaunce,
 'Tis such as will admit no hinderance :
 Therefore with courage to the Gods repair,
 To whom you freely may your doubts declare,
 As to your Friends in whom you most confide,
 Whose Prudence and Integrity you've try'd ;
 And what they bid you do, let it be done
 With the most prudent care, remembering whom
 You chose for Counsellors, whom you neglect,
 If their advice you slight, or disrespect.
 Nor must you every little doubt propose
 To their Divinities, but such as those,
 Which as wise *Socrates* was wont to say,
 Are very dark, abstruce, and out o'th' way ;
 Such as are clear'd by their events alone,
 Which by no humane methods can be shew'd.

You must not such light Queries here propound,
Which every Man of common sense may sound:
As whether Med'cines can restore the Dead?
Or *Hellebore* can purge a Mad-man's Head?
No Riddles here, in which old Wives delight,
With which those aged *Sphinxes* pass the Night,
Nor such a knot as easily's unt'y'd,
Nor questions which by sieve and shears are try'd.
But something difficult and much involv'd,
Fit only by a God to be resolv'd.
Therefore when Reason says you're bound t'oppose,
Tho' hazarding your life, your Countries Fees,
And with heroick danger to defend
Him you think worthy to be call'd your Friend,
What need of Heavenly information here,
Of Prophet, Augur, or Astrologer?
Nothing but falsehood, or base Cowardise,
Can make a scruple of a Case like this,
Since Reason hath determin'd long ago,
Whether you ought t'expose your self or no.
Nay let's suppose, that you're resolv'd to try
This dubious weighty point by Augury,

at by some unlucky Omen's meant
 or the loss of Limbs, or Banishment;
 could these Mischiefs really ensue,
 by foreboding signs do threaten you,
 of Exile, Wounds, nay Death, you must
 our Friend, and to your Country Just;
 reason still commands you to redress,
 be in danger, th' other in distress.
 Consider how that Miscreant was us'd,
 his kind Office to his Friend refus'd,
 just Oracle, who drove away
 the hateful Wretch, and thus was heard to say,
 thou base Deserter of thy Friend!
 offence doth our Deity offend;
 wouldst the Murd'rer give the fatal wound,
 wouldst thy Friend lie weltring on the ground,
 that concern thou did'st behold him bleed,
 that relieving did'st approve the Deed:
 for thou, even thou, thy Friend hast slain,
 thou abandon'd Wretch, thou dost our shrine
 (prophane.)

XXXIX.

Frame to your self some forms, some rules, whereby
 To guide your life, on which to keep your eye ;
 Which whether to your self you live recluse,
 Or which in Conversation you may use ;
 For there are dangers which the wise would fly
 Both in Retirement and Society.
 For neither can a Ship with safety ride
 Within her Port, if not with Cables ty'd ;
 Nor can she be secure when under Sail,
 Tho' in fair Weather with a prosperous Gale,
 Unless known Rules by long experience try'd,
 Her well-spread Canvas and her Rudder guide.
 Not only in the Main do Tempests roar,
 They strike the Flats, and riot on the shoar ;
 And skilful Sailers with just reason doubt
 Dangers within, as well as those without.

XL

Let modest silence be your greatest care
 In humane Conversation, and beware
 Of being over-talkative, and shun
 That lewd perpetual motion of the Tongue,

at itch of speaking much, and be content
 at your Discourse (tho' short) be pertinent ;
 d when occasion serves, then speak your sense,
 without an over-weening confidence.
 r catch at every Bait, nor open at
 e common opportunities of Chat :
 , such a Fencer play'd his part with skill,
 at such a Wrestler breaks what Rib he will ;
 at such a Horse is of the steepest kind,
 d that his Dam enervated with the Wind ;
 at a full cry of deep-throated, long-ear'd Hounds
 the most sweet and ravishing of Sounds ;
 at such a Lord with the best Wines doth treat,
 s the best Cook, is the best read in Meat.
 ese are the thred-bare *Themes* that please the
 e ignorant, the thoughtless, and the proud. (crowd,
 : chiefly shun discourse concerning Men,
 r fondly this Man praise, and that condemn,
 all immoderate and too lavish praise
 o great an Expectation's apt to raise:
 by reviling others you express
 ar little Wisdom, but much bitterness.

Not

Nor with absurd comparisons defame e
 One Man, by adding to another's Name :
 For thus, by way of foil, the one's disgrace
 Sets off the Character you mean to raise;
 With *Hemlock* this you crown, and that with *Ba*

X L I.

Among your friends, with whom you may be fr
 If vain or frivolous their Converse be,
 Or seem to favour of Idleness,
 Alter the Subject ; sup may invent
 Some profitable, pleasing Argument,
 Which, like a gentle Tide, with easie force
 May stop the current of the first discourse :
But among strangers learn to hold your Tongue
 Your good intentions may be constru'd wrong
 You may be term'd impertinent or rude,
 Wise out of season, and be said t'intrude.

X L I I.

Laughter, if rightly us'd, may be confest
 In some sort to distinguish Man from Beast,
 While by due management it is allay'd,
 While the strict Rules of Reason are obey'd ;

ws, if over-loud, or over-long,
lead but weak, altho' your Lungs be strong.
a Smile, not in its proper place,
t, a blemish on your Judgment, lays:
seless Laughter at each thing you see,
inning of the thoughtless *Mobile*,
nseless gaping Mirth, that is express'd
it the provocation of a Jest,
ild, convulsive writhing of the Face,
uite disfigures it from what it was,
nith humanity so little suit,
s you but a different sort of Brute.

X L I I L
id th' engagement of an Oath, or swear
om as you can, at least forbear
id your self to what you cannot do,
ly swear to that which lies in you;
a wicked, blasphemous Offence
the Gods to each Impertinence,
ce them Knights o'th' Post, to testifie
be Truth you know to be a Lye.

A HOME:—I have said, that you
 And the young Widdowson
 Have done us the honor of
 Being our guest, as well as
 Your mother's sister's family.
 And for the winter year, with
 Since our small House may be
 Since you are our guest, &
 And stay so many Servants.
 What's the necessity of all
 Is it below you on your self

and therefore when you're pleas'd to take the Air,
brawny Slaves y^e are carry'd in a Chair ;
therefore you hire a Cook to dress your Meat ;
is much you do not think 'tis mean to Eat.

XLVI.

Before you're marry'd, strive to live as free
as possibly you can from Venery ;
though 'tis a Lust of a rebellious kind,
that owns the least subjection to the Mind,
h^e effort of Flesh and Blood, the furious Horse,
that bears against the Bit with headstrong Force,
yet you're oblig'd in Justice to refrain,
and to preserve your Body without stain,
for as you think 'twould lessen your Reputation,
to marry with a common Prostitute,
you're oblig'd to give your self entire
to the chaste Arms of her whom you admire ;
not if you're born so forcibly away,
not for Hymen and her Rites to stay,
yet still your Countries Laws claim just Respect,
though you the Rules of Chastity neglect.

Since there are other Liberties allow
T'assuage this scorching Fever of the
But if you're throughly mortify'd, &
No Inclination left for Womankind,
Yet grow not proud upon't, nor those
Who court those Sensual Pleasures ye
Nor boast your Vertue such, that ye
The weak attractions of a pleasing Eye
That you, forsooth, are cold as Steel
For boasting is a most intemp'rate Vice
Not worse the wanton-Sport that you
No; 'tis the Letch'ry of the Mind, fo

railing, flanders you, or doth accuse
 doing something base, or scandalous,
 quiet not your self for an excuse,
 bluff ring swear he wrongs you with a Lye,
 slight th'abuse, and make this calm reply :
 ! he's ignorant ; for had he known
 other faults and follies, he had shewn
 se too, nor had he spoke of This alone.

XLVIII.

There's no great need that you should oft appear
 shews, or help to crowd the Theatre :
 if it be expected you should be
 on the rest, at the Solemnity
 sacred Sports, when 'tis requir'd that all
 shd join to celebrate the Festival,
 with indifference, and lay aside
 partiality, and wish on neither side ;
 be not more concern'd for what you see
 in your own Quiet and Tranquility :
 these your main concern, your greatest care,
 with that things may be just as they are,

And that the Victory may fall to him
 Who gains the Day, who doth the Garland win:
 For while to neither, to your self you're kind,
 Nor can you any disappointment find,
 Be not transported, do not laugh aloud,
 Nor roar in Confort with the bellowing Crowd.
 When the Shew's over, when from thence you come,
 Debate not much concerning what was done;
 As, who's the tallest fellow of his hands,
 Who best the *Lance*, who best the *Sword* commands;
 Or whether such an one was fairly slain;
 This is to act th Encounter o're again.
 But say y'out-talk'd the other, win the Prize,
 Are you a jot the better, or more wise?
 You only shew that you admire the Sport,
 When there's no tollerable reason for't:
 And why so great a wonder is it made,
 That a Man's quick, or dext'rous at his Trade?
 That one of greater strength, or greater skill,
 Should get the better? That a Sword will kill?

X L I X.

Avoid, if possible, th'Impertinence
Of those who prostitute their Eloquence,
Who with a long Harangue, from Desk or Stage,
Both the rich Mob's and poor engage :
For what advantage are you like to gain,
By hearing some one a whole hour declaim,
While *Alexander's* Justice he commends,
For murd'ring all his best and truest Friends?
How are you better'd by a turn'd Discourse
Of *Phalaris's* Bull, or *Shew's* Horse?
Or a Description that's design'd to show
The various Colours of the heav'nly Bow,
In a Discourse almost as long as it,
Which the vile trifling Scribler takes for Wit?
What Wisdom can you learn from *Circe's* Hogs?
From *Hecuba* turn'd Bitch, or *Scylla's* Dogs?
From weeping *Niobe* transform'd to Stone,
Or bloody *Terens* feeding on his Son?
But if in Manners you're oblig'd t'attend,
Because, perhaps, the Author is your Friend;

Or if that Tyrant, Custom, bring you there,
 Be Grave, but not morose, nor too severe,
 Nor play the Critick, nor be apt to Jeer;
 Nor by detraction seek inglorious praise;
 Nor seem to weep, when he your Joy would raise;
 Nor grin, nor swear, when some sad passion tries
 To draw the brinish humour from your Eyes,
 Nor to the Company disturbance cause;
 By finding fault, or clamorous applause;
 Be sober and sedate, nor give offence,
 Or to your self, or to the Audience,

L.

When you have ought to do, or are to treat
 With Persons whose Authority is great,
 Let *Socrates* and *Zeno* shew you how,
 And what their prudence would think fit to do,
 Were they to manage this affair for you.
 With what a temper; how serene and brave,
 In such a case, would they themselves behave?
 For neither would they crouch, nor yeild thro' fear
 Nor would they rude, or insolent appear;

or would they any thing unseemly say,
 Nor yet through flatt'ry give the cause away.
 By these great Paterns act, you cannot fail,
 Wisdom and Courage joyn'd must needs prevail
LI.

These things before-hand to your self propose,
 When you're about to visit one of those
 Who are call'd great ; perhaps he's not within,
 Or likely he's retir'd, not to be seen :
 Perhaps his Porter, some rough sturdy Boor,
 Amongst the Beggars thrust you from the Door
 Or when, at length, you have admittance got,
 His Honour's busie, or he minds you not.
 But if in spite of each Impediment,
 In spite of Slights, Affronts, you still are bent
 To make this Visit, know you must dispence
 With such small accidents, nor take offence
 When you're despis'd, nor with the vulgar cry,
 'Tis not so great a matter, what care I ;
 In whom you through the Vizard may discern
 (Howe're they strive to hide it) a concern,

Who like the Fox in *Asop*, seem to set
Those Grapes at nought, as fowre, they c

LH.

Beast not in Company of what you've
What battles you have fought, what ha:
How first at such a Siege of such a Town
You Scal'd the Walls, and won the mural
And how your Skill and Conduct gain'd t
While Hosts of slaughter'd Boss about y
For while your Actions you your self re
You from your real merits derogate
With your own breath you blow away yo
And overthrow those Trophies you woul
You talk away those ~~honours~~ honours you have g
While some despise you, some believe you
Nor is't as pleasant, or agreeable
To them to hear, as 'tis to you to tell
What is't to them what counsel you have
What dangers you've escap'd; what wo
Perhaps they fancy all that you have said
Doth but their Sloth, or Cowardice upbra

I vex'd, or tir'd, they with you all the same
angers, and Wounds, and Hardships o're again.

LIII.

'Tis but a sorry sort of praise to be
Joll, the Jester of each Company,
raiser of loud Laughter, a Buffoon,
the sport, and the Diversion of the Town:
He that strains to please, and humour all,
to the Common store of talk must fall.
That would make each Merry, must of force
With every folly temper his discourse;
Sometimes talk down-right Bawdry, then define
the Gods, and laugh at dull Morality.
From such behaviour, what can you expect
But to be laugh'd at, and to lose respect.
You think you're much admir'd, tho' much deceiv'd,
You're neither lov'd, respected, nor believ'd.
Nor who wou'd trust, love, honour, or commend
The Wretch, who for a Jest betrays his Friend:
To whom there's naught so dear in Heaven or Earth,
He would not make the Subject of his Mirth.

L I V.

You make you self contemptible and mean,
 A Member of the Rabble, if obscene
In Conversation, wherefore when you find
 Some one to lewd discourse too much inclin'd,
 Lecture him soundly for it, if there be
 A fit, convenient, opportunity.
 Tell him he vents much filth, but little wit,
 And only gains th' applause of Fools by it.
 Tell him 'tis such as some must needs resent,
 Besides 'tis needless and impertinent.
 But if by Wine, or Company engag'd,
 He by your good advice may be enrag'd,
 By silence, frowns, or blushes, shew that you,
 That nauseous Conversation disallow.

L V.

When some Idea, that excites desire,
 Courts you in all its best and gay attire ;
 As when your fancy lays you on a Bed
 Of Roses, and twines myrtle round your Head
 Near am'rous shady Groves and purling Spring
 While hovering Cupids fan you with their Win

While you in the dear Fetters are confin'd,
 Of some soft Beauties Arms, that's fair as kind,
 Take heed leaft here fo far you do purfue
 That fancy'd pleasure, as to wish it true :
 You're juft upon the precipices brink,
 Ufe then a little, and take time to think ;
 Examine well the Object, and compare
 Th' unequal periods, which allotted are
 To weeping Penitence, and short liv'd blifs,
 How long the one, how short the other is :
 Joy in a nimble moment ends its race,
 And rueful, pale Repentance takes its place,
 And moves with a sad fullen heavy pace,
 Attended all the way with groans and cries,
 With Accufations, Sighs, and wat'ry Eyes.
 Think then what joy and pleasure you will find,
 That is, what peace, and quiet in your mind,
 How you will praise your self, and blefs your care,
 When you escape the dang'rous pleasing snare.
 But if you think the pleasure may content ;
 So safe, agreeable, convenient,
 As that you'll have no reason to repent :

BOOK IX.

As walking you tread warily, for fear
 You strain your Leg, or lest some Nail should
 Your Feet : Let the like caution be your Guide
 In all the Actions of your Life beside.
 Fear to offend your Judgment, fear to slight
 Reason, th' unbyast Rule of wrong and right,
 Under whose conduct we more safely may
 Follow, where her Discretion leads the way.

BOOK X.

As the Shoo's made to serve and fit the Foot
 As the Leg gives the measure to the Boot,
 So our Possession should be measured by
 The Body's use, and its necessity.
 If here you stop, content with what you need,
 With what will keep you warm, your Body feed
 Within the bounds of Temperance you live.
 But if the Reins you to your Wishes give ;
 If Natures limits you but once transgress,
 You tumble down a headlong Precipice
 Into a boundless Gulph : This we may see,
 If we pursue our former simile :

For let's suppose, your Shoe made tight and fit,
 Strong, warm, and easie, as 'tis requisite,
 What more can be desired from a Shoo,
 'Tis all that Hide, and Thread, and Wax can do;
 But if you look for more you're hurry'd on
 Beyond your bounds, and then tis ten to one,
 That it must be more modish, pinkt, and wrought,
 Then set with pearls, from farthest *Indies* brought,
 Then with Embroidery, and Purple shine,
 No matter if 'tis useless, so 'tis fine.
 So there's no farther stay, no farther bound,
 By those wh' exceed just measures, to be found.

L X I.

Women, when once arriv'd at dear fourteen,
 Begin to be admir'd, and gain esteem,
 They are call'd Mistresses, and now they find,
 That they for Man's diversion are design'd,
 To which they're not averse, perceiving then
 That their Preferment lies in pleasing Men,
 In being made Companions of their Beds,
 They straight begin to curl, t' adorn their Heads;

To Comb, Perfume, and to consult the Glass
 To study what attire commands a Face,
 To practice Smiles, and a beguiling Air;
 Each thinks she is as happy as she's fair,
 As she can please, as she can conquer Hearts,
 In these, and thousand other such like Arts.
 They place their only hopes, on these deper
 And earnestly expects the wish'd for end.
 Wherefore 'tis fit that they be taught to know
 That these Respects, and Honours, that we
 To them on this account are only due;
 That as they're fair, so they are modest, too
 That they are spotless, grave, reserv'd and
 That these ingaging Vertues are the tyes,
 That more oblige, than Arts, or Amorousse

LXII.

In outward Actions, to spend too much
 Is of stupidity too sure a sign,
 As long to exercise, and long to eat,
 To spend whole days, at least, to cram down
 To try what Drink your Belly will contain,
 To be disgorg'd, to be piss'd out again,

han half an hour, like a dull grinning Fool,
 o make wry Faces over a Close-stool ;
 r like a brutish Swine, in sensual strife,
 o wallow out whole hours with your dull Wife.
 'hen all this precious time should be assign'd
 or brave endeavours to improve yo r mind.

L X I I I.

Doth any strive to wrong you or design
 o stain your Reputation with a Crime ;
 onsider, he believes this wrong your due,
 hat he doth only what he ought to do ;
 or 'tis a thing impossible that he
 ould fo in Sentiments with you agree,
 s not to follow his own bent of mind,
 nd that to which his Judgment is inclin'd.
How if through carelessness he judge amiss,
 le suffers most, and all the harm is his.
 le truly suffers most, whose Reason's light,
 s clouded o're, whom Error doth benight :
 le th' Affront to his own Reason gives, *believes.*
 Who thinks wrong right, who falsehood truth be-

Then

Then why should his mistakes your Soul torment?
 His own mistakes, are his own punishment,
 He wrongs his Judgment, not the truth or you;
 You still are guiltless, still what's truth is true.
 Still 'tis a certain truth (what e're he say)
 That whensoe're the Sun appears 'tis day.
 And thus prepar'd, you patiently may bear
 His rudeness, and unmov'd his slanders hear,
 And calmly answer, that such things to him
 Fit to be done, fit to be said, may seem.

L X I V.

If you a strict enquiry make, you'll find
 That to each thing, two handles are assign'd.
 One not to be endur'd, that will admit
 No touch, there's none alas, can manage it,
 The other tractable, which every hand
 With moderate Skill, and Prudence may command.
 If then your Brother injures you, through Pride,
 Or Fraud, lay hold upon the safer side;
 And do not straight examine his Offence,
 Toucht with too deep, and too grievous a sense

the wrong offer'd, leaft you difcompofe
 r mind, and wrath to injury oppofe,
 t in a Tempeft you your felf engage,
 ch only ferves to blow, t' inflame his rage.
 rather think how near you are ally'd,
 t fuch Offences ought not to divide,
 break the knot, which Natures hand hath ty'd;
 mber all the happy years you fpend
 er one Roof, and the fame management;
 mbring this, you'l foon forget the ill
 r Brother did you, he's your Brother ftill.

L X V.

I fould boaft I wealthier am than you,
 llows not that I am better too.
 fould fay I'm the more florid Man,
 llows not I therefore better am,
 ather follows, I am Richer far,
 refore my well fill'd Bags the better are.
 Tongue is better hung, my Phrafe more neat,
 refore my Language is the more compleat.

Your

Your Bags and fluent Speech, have some pretence
 To being better, to more Excellence,
 But you are neither Wealth, nor Eloquence.

L X V. I.

Doth any one bath earlier than the time
 That's usually observ'd, or drink much Wine,
 Censure him not, nor say 'tis not well done,
 Say only, he drinks much, or washeth soon.
 For why should you, till you have understood
 His Reasons, judge his Actions bad or good?
 Perhaps he washeth early, with intent
 Thus to refresh himself with watching spent.
 What e're your grave sobriety may think,
 In him perhaps 'tis temperance to drink.
 Perhaps his Constitution may require
 More Wine, his Lamp more Oyl to feed its Fire.
 First know the Reasons, than you may proceed
 With safety to dispraise, or praise the Deed,
 Thus will you never any Action blame,
 And then on second thought commend the same.

LHVII. Wh

LXVII.

When you in ev'ry place your self profess
 A deep Philosopher, you but express
 Much vanity, much self-conceit betray,
 And shew you are not truly what you say.
 Amongst rude, ignorant, unthinking Tools,
 To talk of Precepts, Maxims, and of Rules,
 Is to be laught at, thought a Banterer,
 For how can they approve beyond their Sphere.
 Your knowledge by your way of living shew,
 What is't, alas, to them, how much you know ?
 Act as your Precepts teach, as at a Feast,
 Eat as 'tis fit, 'tis vain to teach the rest
 How they should eat, who come but to enjoy
 The present Cheer, to swallow and destroy,
 Who come to Gormandize, and not to hear
 The sober Precepts of a Lecturer.
 Let *Socrates* instruct you to despise
 The fond desire of being counted wise,
 Who being ask'd by some, (who had design'd
 T' affront him with a Jest) to be so kind,

As to instruct them how to find, and where
There dwelt some Grave profound Philosophe
Although the impudent request imply'd
That he was none : Without concern, or pride
Or the least shew of Anger, led them thence
To those who sold Philosophy for pence,
Who publicly profess it as a Trade,
And a good handsome Incomb by it made.

LXVIII.

When Men of shallow head themselves ad
Above their usual pitch of ignorance,
To talk of Maxims, and of Rules ; forbear
To interpose your sense, or meddle there ;
Why should you laugh at this, or that confu
For what are you concern'd in the dispute ?
What reason, or what obligation lies
On you, to hinder them from seeming wise ?
Besides to be too much inclin'd to speak,
Shews your minds Constitution to be weak,
Your very love of talking doth declare
How ill your Principles digested are,

and that you do not practice what you know,
 as vomiting doth a weak Stomach shew.

Oh ! but perhaps you fancy that they may
 confute your silence, ignorance, and say
 that you know nothing : Well suppose they do,
 patiently you bear it, know that you

have the great work begun, you now begin
 to feel your Precepts strengthen you within.

It is your behaviour that can best express
 the well digested Maxims you profess :

Thus well fed Sheep do not cast up their meat
 to satisfy their Shepherd what they eat,
 but what they eat, and inwardly digest
 by Fatness, Fleece, and Milk they manifest.

LXIX.

If you have learn't to live on homely Food,
 to feed on Roots, and Lupines, be not proud,
 since every beggar may be prais'd for that,
 he eats as little, is as temperate :
 so if you drink cold water, and abstain
 from all such Liquors as affect the Brain.

Why should you seek occasions to declare
How moderate, how abstemious you are ?
For what advantage by it can you gain,
If in your sober cups you still are vain ?
Would you inure your self to undergo
The wrath of Winter, play with Frost and Sn
Let it not be in publick, nor embrace
Cold Marble-Statues in the Market-place,
But would you to the very height aspire
Of bearing much ? First bridle your desire
Of being prais'd ; take Water in your mouth
When your parcht Vitals almost crack with droug
And in the very pangs of thirst refrain,
And without boasting spit it out again.

LXX.

The hopes and fears of a Plebians mind,
To outward Objects only are confin'd ;
Riches and Pleasures are his cheif delight,
The prizes which engage his appetite,
These he thinks make him fortunate, if won,
And if he fall, he's ruin'd and undone,

Nor has the sordid, thoughtless thing, a sense
 Of a more noble inward excellence,
 But the Philosopher's exalted Soul
 No little outward trifles can controul,
 No promis'd Joy, nor fear his mind affects,
 His good, and ill, he from himself expects,
 Secure within himself, he can despise
 The gayeties, that charm the vulgar eyes,
 And accidents, which weaker minds surprize.

L X X I.

Such, and so differing is the Character
 Of the Plebian and Philosopher.
 Now the Proficient, he that labours on
 Towards perfection, by these signs is known;
 He no Man blames, he no Man doth condemn,
 He praiseth not himself, nor other Men,
 Boasts not the greatness of his parts, nor shews
 On every light occasion all he knows;
 Or if some rub or hinderance he find
 In any enterprize, he had design'd,
 He blames himself, if prais'd he can despise
 The fulsome dauber, and his flatteries;

If blam'd he doth not study a defence,
 Least he be carried on with vehemence,
 As Men, who have been lately Sick, take
 Least they relapse, and venture not too fast
 Till they be perfectly restor'd, so he
 Declines the making an Apology,
 Least he should be too eagerly concern'd,
 Before his strength of mind be well confirm'd
 All his desires, and his aversions fall
 Only on things, which he his own can call
 And as to things in his own choice and
 His appetite he rules, with caution still.
 What the World judgeth him, he values
 Whether Philosopher or Idiot,
 In short he o're himself is as a spie,
 He o're his Actions keeps a watchful eye
 As he would watch a Knave, or Enemy.

LXXII.

Doth any Man look big, and boast that
 Doth understand *Chrysippus* thoroughly,
 That he hath dig'd the Mine, and found
 That he, his darkest Precepts can unfold

Say thus within your self, why what pretence
Would this Man have to merit, if the sense
Of what *Chrisippus* writ were plain, but I
Would study Nature, and my thoughts apply
To follow her, but who shall lead me on,
And shew the way, 'tis time that I were gone.
Having made this enquiry, when I hear
Chrisippus is the best Interpreter,
I the dark Author straightway take in hand,
But his hard Writings do not understand,
I find him difficult, abstruse, profound,
I some one seek, who his vast depth can sound,
After much search I find him, but as yet,
I have accomplisht nothing, that is great,
Till I begin to practise, what I sought,
What he explains, what great *Chrisippus* taught.
Then, and then only, is the Garland won,
For practice is the prize, for which we run.
If knowledge be the bound of my desire.
If learning him be all that I admire,
If I applaud ~~my~~ self, because I can
Explain *Chrisippus*, a Grammarian

Instead of a Philosopher I grow,
 For what I should have done, I only know,
 Here's all the difference between him and me;
Chrisippus I expound, and *Homer* he.
 All that I have atchiev'd is to explain
 What great *Chrisippus* writ, and blush for shame
 That knowing what he taught, I still am vain.

LXXIII.

To these great Rules with constancy adhere,
 With noble Resolutions, pious fear,
 Fear to recede from these, as you would dread
 To tear the sacred Garland from the head
 Of awful *Jove*, or wickedly deny
 To pay your Vows made to the Deity,
 And mind not what the thoughtless Vulgar say,
 Whose words the winds blow with rank Fogs awa
 Whose calumnies you can no more prevent,
 Than chain those Roarers of the Element,
 When with their airy Wings they beat the Plai
 And buffet the green Surges of the Main.

LXXIV. Awak

LXXIV.

Awake, awake, how long will you decline
 The happiness propos'd, and waste your time ?
 How long through sloth will you persist to flight,
 What Reason hath inform'd you to be right ?
 You have receiv'd the Precepts, such as may
 Guid you the safest, and the surest way,
 To which you ought to have, and have agreed ;
 What other Teacher seem you now to need ?
 Do you expect that some descending God,
 Should leave his blest, and Heavenly abode
 To finish what your Reason hath begun,
 To teach you what e're this you might have done ?
 Your giddy years of frolick Youth are fled,
 Manhood, that should be wise, reigns in its stead ;
 Your vigorous Reason now hath reach'd its prime,
 But from its full Meridian must decline,
 If lazily you sleep away your noon,
 The night steals on you, and finds nothing done :
 If still irresolute you love delay,
 And spend whole years in fixing on a day, /

[And when 't's come, new Resolutions make,
 Which your neglect resolves but to forsake,
 You strive to grow more foolish than you are,
 And for gray dotage by degrees prepare,
 A meer Plebian to the Grave you go,
 Laden with Age, with Follies, and with Woe:
 Wherefore begin, let no delays defer
 The peaceful Life of a Philosopher,
 And let what Reason tells you to be best,
 Be as a Law, that may not be transgress.
 Begin to live, let your behaviour show
 What an advantage 'tis to think, and know;
 For this alone we Life may justly term.
 To live with ease of mind without concern.
 An hundred years in Grief and Anguish spent,
 Are not long Life, but a long punishment,
 For Sighs, Complaints, and Groans, and Murmuring (Breath
 Are but the gasps of a more ling'ring death.
 Therefore when e're you any Object meet, (sweet,
 Whose Force is pow'rful, and whose Charms are
When you encounter Hardships, Danger, Pain,
 Immortal Ignominy, Deathless Fame,

Remember

Remember that th' Olympicks now are come,
 That you no longer may the Combat shun,
 On this one Tryal doth your Doom depend,
 You in one moment fail, or gain your end,
 You either Conquer, or are Conquer'd soon,
 And lose, or wear, the Honours of the Crown.
 Thus *Socrates* advanc'd his lasting Name,
 Thus he the wond'rous *Socrates* became.
Him nothing but right reason e're could sway,
 Which he believ'd 'twas glorious to obey.
 He all delay, that seem'd best, thought base,
 Not only real loss, but vile disgrace.
 And you (though yet you have not the success
 To reach the Wisdom of great *Socrates*)
 Should strive to live, as if you meant to be
 As Wise, as Happy, and as Great as he.

LXXV.

Philosophy's most useful part is this,
 Which shews us what a wise Man's Duty is,
 Which teacheth, what we should pursue or fly,
 As for example, that we should not *LIE*.

The next is Demonstration, that which shows
 By Argument, which from right Reason flows,
 Why we, who study Nature, ought to shun
 The baseness of a false, deceitful Tongue?
 The Third is what confirms, gives force, and light
 And proves the Demonstration to be right,
 Shews where the Contradiction lies in sense,
 What is, what is not a true Consequence,
 Of Truth and Falshood gives clear evidence.
 This last is useful for the second, that
 By reason puts an end to all debate
 Touching the first; but that's the part that claims
 (As being the most useful) the most pains;
 On which we safely may rely, and rest
 Secure of Happiness, intirely Blest:
 But we, O base neglect! the means pursue
 Of doing well, but still forget to do;
 We dwell on the dispute, our time is spent
 Only in framing of the Argument,
 Hence 'tis we lie, and with much Art and Skill,
 Act, what we can demonstrate, to be ill.

L X X V I.

In every Action, which you undertake
 With great *Cleambes*, this Petition make,
 Lead me, O *Jove*, and thou, O powerful Fate,
 In every Enterprize, in every State,
 As ye determine, for I must obey
 The wise injunctions, which you on me lay,
 For should I at your dread decrees repine,
 And strive your sacred orders to decline;
 I should but labour wickedly in vain,
 And struggle with an ever-lasting chain,
 And after all, be drag'd along with pain.

L X X V I I.

Think on this saying of *Euripides*,
 He that submits to *Destiny's* decrees,
 Is justly counted wise by Men, and knows
 The due respects, which to the Gods he owes.

L X X V I I I.

And this, O *Socrates*, till aged time
 Shall be no more, till Stars shall cease to shine,
 All never be forgotten; for 'tis thine.

O *Crito*, if it please the Gods, that I,
To please the rage of Enemies, must die,
Let it be so, the false *Anytus* may,
With false *Melitus*, take my Life away,
But cannot hurt me, or my Soul dismay.

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To the Bodleian Librarian
from E. S. Dodgson, M.A.
28 December, 1914.

See an article on
Epiktetos in The Expositor
of November, 1914.

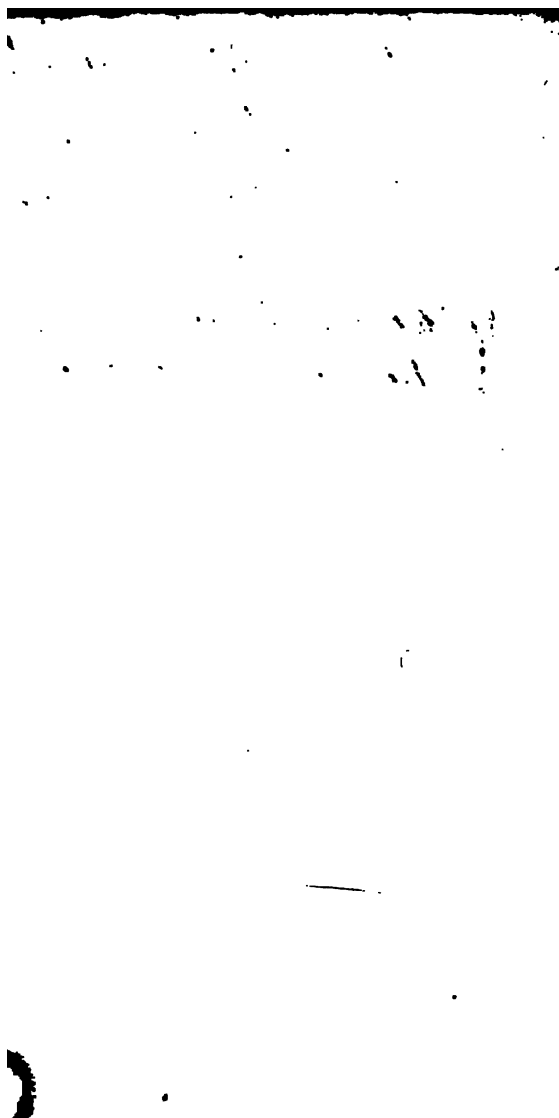
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F I N I S.

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28 December, '94.

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